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JOURNEYINGS IN SPAIN.

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SPAIN is one agglomeration of mountains, which rise in every direction from the sea-coast toward the interior; and it is owing to this geological construction that it presents so great a variety of climates.

In the provinces of Andalusia, Murcia, and Valencia, which border on the Mediterranean, the winters are mild and genial, and the summers long and hot. In the northern provinces, which skirt the Pyrenees, the winters are cold and rainy, the springs and autumns damp and disagreeable, and the summers temperate. The provinces situated upon the great central plateau are subject to great vicissitudes of temperature, the weather being very variable in winter, and scorching hot in summer.

This variety of climate is characterized by a corresponding variety of vegetable productions. In the northern regions we find the apple, the chestnut, and the cerealea; while in the southern we have the date, the olive, the orange, and the vine.

I left Madrid for Toledo, which is about twelve leagues distant, and still continued to traverse those desert-like plains which characterize the Castiles.

It would be some little consolation to the traveller, if he could doze away the weary hours whilst passing through this uninteresting region, but the jolting of the *diligence* over a shocking road, and the cloud of dust in which he is enveloped, render this impossible. After a long and weary day's ride, I beheld in the distance imperial Toledo, rising from its lofty rocky foundation, with its Moorish *Alcazar* on one side, and its stupendous cathedral on the other, towering majestically above the town. The river Tagus surrounds the city except on one side, and this approach is protected by Moorish fortifications, now crumbling to ruin. After passing these fortifications, we ascended a very steep, winding road, and entered the city through a magnificent granite gateway.

The origin of Toledo is lost in the night of time. It was taken by the Romans 193 B. C., who were expelled by the Goths toward the end

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of the fifth century. In 714, the Goths were expelled by the Moors, and in 1085, the latter were driven forth by the Spaniards, under Alonzo VI., who took the title of Emperor of Toledo.

Toledo has sadly fallen from its high estate. Yet the city, and even the surrounding country, show the remains of prosperity passed away, in the numerous ruins of all ages that cover the soil.

The Roman, the Goth, and the Moor, have alike left some trace of their passage; but it remained for the Spaniard to adorn it with one of those stately cathedrals which are the pride and boast of Spain.

The town is composed of an irregular jumble of narrow, tortuous, and steep streets, or rather lanes, impracticable for any thing like a vehicle, and the stranger is obliged to procure a guide to conduct him through the intricate labyrinth.

The dark Moorish houses have the appearance of so many prisons, and give to the place a gloomy aspect, which is heightened by the silent and deserted streets.

In walking around this most picturesque old city, the antiquary finds numerous objects to attract his attention. Here the ruins of the Roman and the Goth are mingled with those of the Moor and Spaniard.

In the centre of the town towers aloft the cathedral, which was founded by St. Ferdinand in 1226, and completed in 1492.

The exterior is imposing, but the building is so much blocked up by surrounding houses that a good view of it cannot be obtained.

The interior realized all my ideas of the sublime in Gothic architecture. The body of the church is composed of five naves, the arches of which are supported by eighty-four enormous columns. The central nave is truly grand, and rises to the height of one hundred and sixty feet. Upon the sides of the building are numerous chapels, nearly as large as churches, all of which are richly adorned with paintings and sculpture.

The choir, as in all Spanish churches, occupies the central nave, but from the mode of its construction, it does not mar the effect so much as that in the cathedral of Burgos. Its *Silleria*, which was carved in the fifteenth century, is truly worthy of admiration. Each stall represents some passage in the campaigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the examination of these beautiful carvings, which are authentic records of the costume and arms of the age, has afforded me hours of pleasure.

The *Capilla Mayor* contains many objects of interest. The *retablo* of the altar, which is reached by a flight of marble and jasper steps, is ornamented with a profusion of painted and gilded carvings, representing passages from the life of our Saviour. Here are the tombs of the ancient kings of Toledo, viz.: Alonzo VII., Sancho el Deseado, Sancho el Bravo, and the *Infante* Don Pedro. Here, likewise, repose the ashes of the great Cardinal Mendoza, who was called *Lertius Rex*, and almost shared the sovereignty with Ferdinand and Isabella. The chapel of *los Reyes Nuevos*, or later kings of Toledo, is also well worthy of inspection. Here, under most beautifully sculptured niches, repose Henrique II., Henrique III., and Juan II.

The remaining chapels are all worthy of attention, but we will pass from them into the *Sacristia*, a magnificent gallery, adorned with many fine paintings by the great masters. The ceiling of this room is vaulted and painted in fresco by Luca Giordasio.

From the Sacristia I was ushered into a small octagonal room, constructed entirely of polished marble, where I was shown a magnificent silver custodia, six feet in height, constructed of solid gold and silver, most exquisitely wrought, and inlaid with diamonds and precious stones. I was also shown the magnificent ornaments of the Virgin of the Sagrario, or the Black Virgin. This Virgin is carved out of black wood, and is held in great veneration at Toledo. Her robes were of magnificent brocade, richly embroidered with gold, and adorned with innumerable pearls. Her crown was of gold, set with diamonds and emeralds, with which there were two bracelets to match. We now entered the chapel of the Sagrario, and beheld the sacred image seated upon a silver throne, under a silver-gilt canopy, supported by pillars. The throne is said to contain fifty-two arrobas, or thirteen hundred pounds of silver.

After visiting the cloisters, the library, and several curious old halls and chapels, I finally ascended the tower of the Cathedral to take a view of the town and surrounding country. The prospect was charming. From east to west, the valley was bounded by a range of mountains, covered with the olive tree, and dotted with small houses; and from north to south a vast plain was spread out, the surface of which was marked by numerous ruins; while beneath the steep mountain, which is, as it were, a pedestal to the city, the poetical Tagus boiled and foamed over its rocky bed.

The scene was pleasing, yet melancholy. No sounds of life and activity came up to me from the city beneath; no laborers, no cattle were to be seen in all the vast extended plain; while the ruins of temples and churches, that every where met the eye, brought to the mind the sad lesson of the instability of all earthly things.

My first view of the cathedral of Toledo was during a day of great solemnity, when the Archbishop officiated at High Mass.

The venerable prelate entered the body of the church from the sacristy, under a richly-embroidered velvet canopy, supported by four persons, and followed by a procession of more than a hundred priests, in their robes of office.

The solemn organ pealed forth, mingling with the rich voices of the choir, and the song of praise reëchoed along the vaulted arches with a pathos befitting the house of God. The church was crowded with worshippers, and every one appeared to be impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. Indeed, I have never beheld a scene more impressive, nor worshippers more devout, although it is said the Spaniards are *muy buenos Catholicos, pero muy malos Cristianos*.

I next visited the Alcazar, or palace-fortress, once the residence of the Moorish kings, which stands in the most elevated portion of the town, and overlooks the Tagus and surrounding country. The venerable building is flanked by four square towers, and has a noble façade. Internally, it is damp and gloomy, and presents a sad picture of the effect of war and conflagration, which have entirely stripped it of its ancient splendor.

Toledo, independently of its cathedral, possessed at one period twenty parish churches, seven chapels, three colleges, fourteen convents, twenty-three nunneries, and several hospitals. But many of these monuments of former prosperity have fallen to ruin; and those that still exist appear

likely to share the same fate. Among the most interesting of these was the Franciscan convent of *San Juan de los Reyes*, a Gothic pile, built by Ferdinand and Isabella, upon the outer walls of which still hang the votive chains of captives delivered from the hands of the Moors by their intercession. During the French invasion the church was dismantled, and used as a stable, and the beautiful cloisters as a barrack for troops; therefore, little remains to attest its former splendor.

The far-famed sword-factory of Toledo is situated on the banks of the Tagus, about two miles from the city. The blades made here have been celebrated for centuries, and are said to be unsurpassed in temper and polish. The finer kinds are so elastic that they can be packed in small round boxes, curled up like the main-spring of a watch. There was one manufactured here a short time since, as a present to the Duke of Montpensier, which was contained in a case of the size of a snuff-box.

The excellence of these swords is said to be owing to the quality of the native iron out of which they are made, and to some secret in the mode of tempering. The swords are all wrought by hand, there being no machinery used in the factory, except in the grinding room.

The forges are contained in small apartments, where there are usually two workmen employed. After the blade is formed on the anvil, it is passed to the grinding-room, where the asperities are smoothed down, and the edge given to it; after which it goes into the hands of the polisher, and is finally completed by the addition of the hilt and scabbard.

Toledo is bleak and cold in winter, and very disagreeable as a place of residence. What we call the comforts of life are hardly known there. Even in the best hotel, there was not a room with a fire-place in it; and stoves and furnaces are literally unknown. The only convenience for giving warmth is the *brasero*, a small copper or brass pan, filled with ignited charcoal, from which one may extract sufficient caloric to warm the feet and hands. To keep the body comfortable, one is obliged to adopt the custom of the country, and sit all day enveloped in a huge cloak. Yet, uncomfortable as I found Toledo, I looked forward with regret to the day of my departure from this curious old city. There is something peculiarly novel and fascinating in its venerable aspect, its curious steep winding lanes and picturesque ruins; while the people themselves, grave, dignified, and formal, real *Castellanos viejos*, as antiquated in appearance as their city, form not the least uninteresting part of the picture.

From Toledo to Aranguez, there are only six leagues, the road passing through the valley of La Sagra, and in sight of the Tagus, which in this part of its course did not realize to me the dreams of the poets who have painted it in such glowing colors.

Aranguez is a small, modern-built town, without importance, except that it contains a royal palace, which is occasionally made the summer-residence of the Queen.

The town is approached through an avenue of pine-trees, which leads to the Plaza de San Antonio, upon which one of the façades of the royal residence is situated.

Among the four *Posadas* in the place, I was fortunate enough to hit upon one kept by an Englishman. Mine host was a stout, round-faced,

good-humored-looking person, who did not appear to have exchanged roast-beef for *olla*, in changing his country. He had lived in Aranguez for twenty-odd years, but he had not lost his nationality, nor forgotten English comfort. I was ushered into a snug parlor, where a genial fire was blazing upon the hearth, and in the course of a half hour, I sat down to a most capital old-fashioned English dinner, which commenced with roast-beef, and finished with plum-pudding.

The Royal Palace was commenced by Philip II., and finished by Philip V. The building covers a large surface, but it is without architectural beauties, and, like every thing in Spain, is suffering for want of repairs, both inside and out. The apartments appeared to me small, and wanting in the usual elegance which characterizes the abodes of royalty. Being a summer-residence, great labor and expense have been bestowed on the gardens, which are very beautiful. Situated upon an islet between the Tagus and Jarama, these rivers supply abundance of water for irrigation, very necessary in this parched-up country, and for the numerous fountains and artificial cascades which beautify the grounds. The trees are magnificent, and the finest we have seen in this almost treeless land; they are said to have been brought from England by Philip II.

The ornaments of art are in bad taste, and entirely unworthy of the garden. The fountains are mean in comparison with those at Madrid, and the statuary, nearly all of which is painted plaster, looks out of place among the avenues of noble trees.

The *Casa del Labrador*, or house of the laborer, situated in the midst of the gardens, is well worthy of a visit. This is a miniature palace similar to that one at the Escorial, and was likewise built for Charles IV. It is a charming little play-thing, which art, luxury, and taste have combined to beautify and render attractive. The stair-cases are of marble and jasper, the floors in beautiful mosaic, and the walls hung in white satin, covered with landscapes embroidered by hand, which must have been the result of great labor.

R. T. M.

H E R E A F T E R : A N E X T R A C T .

'If all our hopes and all our fears
 Were prisoned in Life's narrow bound;
 If, travellers in this vale of tears,
 We saw no better world beyond;
 Oh! what could check the rising sigh?
 What earthly thing could pleasure give?
 Oh! who would venture then to die —
 Oh! who would venture then to live!

'Were life a dark and desert moor,
 Where mists and clouds eternal spread
 Their gloomy veil behind, before,
 And tempests thunder overhead;
 Where not a sun-beam breaks the gloom,
 And not a floweret smiles beneath —
 Who could exist in such a tomb?
 Who dwell in darkness and in death?

THE ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRILICORATH.

I.

We lingered far into the night's decline;
 Abroad in fitful gusts the rain was falling;
 All silently we quaffed the ruddy wine,
 And gazed therein, our absent loves recalling.
 We spoke not, for the soul's dark depths within
 With fancies strange and wonderful were teeming;
 Before me sat, as in a trance, LEVIN,
 My friend LEVIN, with eyes unearthly gleaming.

II.

I spoke to him: 'Thy look doth frighten me!
 Oft have I dared in the dread midnight-hours
 Within the mirror mine own face to see;
 Then such a form as thine before me towers:
 Then sense of life and being seem to flee;
 And from her cave, with horrid darkness reeking,
 The Sphynx — eternal soul — doth look on me,
 In low and scornful tones her riddle speaking.'

III.

'So doth thy gaze my very soul appal!
 And yet e'sewhere no earthly shape may daunt me:
 Thy look is demon-like; 'tis spirit all
 And like a spirit doth thy presence haunt me.
 Thou art a ghost, and wanderest bodiless:
 Oh! turn thy gaze, that I may peace recover!
 Thy body dead, fast in the earth's embrace —
 Hence, wandering ghost! round me no longer hover!'

IV.

Then, like dull flame with fuel fresh supplied,
 His troubled soul 'gan at my words to quicken;
 The dusky curtain had I torn aside,
 And with rude hand the heart's deep chords had stricken:
 Who has not thrilled before their awful might?
 Silent we heard, our souls with transport riven,
 And trembling looked into the realm of night,
 Far from whose depths the cheerful day is driven.

V.

Oh! what a silent and an unknown land!
 E'en to the elect but scanty news it giveth;
 He only may their import understand
 Who in true faith the ghostly words receiveth.
 Such was LEVIN: the thoughts that in him lay
 Now found a voice — in magic chains he bound us;
 Entranced we sat: the hours fled fast away,
 And the gray morn still eager listeners found us.

VI.

Naught may I here repeat of all he said
Save this — and for your profit I unfold it:
The lamp went out, the night was nearly dead —
List to the wondrous tale as there he told it:
‘Thou knowest, O friend! that chapel on the Rhine
Which late we saw by hoary forests shaded;
There doth an oaken chest secure confine
A wondrous rose, with leaves all dry and faded.

VII.

‘Once it was young and radiant as the morn,
On Jericho’s fair plain in beauty growing;
Thence to Loretto’s holy shrine ’t was borne,
A pilgrim hand the precious gift bestowing.
It shed sweet perfume on the desert air,
And from its thorny stalk full low depended,
What time the Tempter met our SAVIOUR there,
And angel-hosts to Him from heaven descended.

VIII.

‘But modestly its roseate garb it wore,
And with green leaves its fragrant blossoms covered,
When, as He stood on Jordan’s holy shore,
The heavenly Dove, descending, o’er Him hovered.
Within this holy shrine secure it lay;
To God with pious rites ’t was consecrated,
And with its resting-place was borne away,
To Italy by angel-hands translated.

IX.

‘Old is it now, all withered, dead, and dry;
In vain you wet it in the flowing river,
Or in the flower-vase lay it carefully;
Its faded leaves would crumble then for ever.
But on one night, one single night alone,
It wakes from sleep, its radiant garb assuming,
And, beauteous as on Jordan’s banks it shone,
Bursts to full bloom, the air with sweets perfuming.

X.

‘Tis on the night when all along the Rhine
From tower and town the Christmas-chimes are pealing;
Then doth the priest within a glass of wine
Place the dead flower, in rapt devotion kneeling:
And when the clock the midnight hour hath tolled,
And o’er the land the matin-bells are sweeping,
Then silently the withered leaves unfold,
As the fair flower the holy day were keeping.

XI.

‘A sudden life impenetrates its clay,
Through every withered leaf and fibre flowing,
And, as if freshly plucked but yesterday,
The holy flower with rosy youth is glowing:
Again in gleaming, blushing red ’t is seen,
As from its native heath in beauty springing,
And through its velvet leaves of darkest green
Sweet odors to the morning air is flinging.

XII.

'Thus doth it stand till night again draws near,
 The holy festival of Christmas ending.'
 In trembling mood this mystery I hear,
 In fervent prayer my hands to heaven extending.
 With fear and joy my knees in prayer I bend:
 So knelt the shepherds once in fear and wonder:
 I am a child — give me thy hand, O friend;
 This night o'er LUKE's inspired page I'll ponder.

L. G.

T H E P L A N E T . *

HOW I WAS INDUCED TO LEAVE THE EARTH AND BECOME ONE.

 MSS. FOUND IN THE PORTFOLIO OF A LUNATIC.

I WAS always something of a rover. It runs in our family, the spirit of wandering. My father was a sea-faring man, and my mother, I believe, fared no better than he did. He made long, venturesome voyages, mostly out of sight of land for days and days together. In this he was like my grand-father, who, I have been told, went to Botany Bay; yet I don't know as he deserves much credit for it, as it was not his notion: he went on 'government business.' As I hinted, I have knocked about the world a good deal. Travelling is much easier now and more expeditious than it used to be, as I remember to have remarked some five years ago to a gentleman from Greenland who took the cars with me (the morning was too stormy for other conveyance) at Cairo to visit the sources of the Niger, which was then a very fashionable resort, with as comfortable hotels as you will find in Africa. But, ah me! the good old days of lion-hunting are gone for ever, and you may walk along the banks of the Niger for half a day together, and not see above a dozen crocodiles for your pains. I should like to have lived a century or so ago, when hunting *was* hunting. However, I have met some adventures in my day. The last that befel me is in every way so remarkable that I propose to relate it.

As we used to reckon in that period of duration which men called time, it was in the summer of the year 2076. I was sitting in the observatory, on the top of my house, reading an account of the last skirmish between the Mormons of Salt Lake and the Nebraska Infantry, and watching rather languidly the balloons that were flying about in every direction, when one of those light air-carriages came floating toward me, and its occupant, stepping out upon the roof, fastened his

* Πλανητης — a wanderer.

balloon to the lightning-rod, and holding out his hand as he approached, bid me 'Good post-meridian.' I was rejoiced to recognize my old friend Aldebaran Smith—(this is the same family as the John Smiths, who became so numerous a century ago that Congress passed an enactment that every Smith born after the passage of it should not be called John under penalty of losing his surname, but should choose his Christian name from some one of the constellations or stars. So, you may meet Arcturus, Taurus, Cetus and Sirius Smiths, and I even knew one scaly specimen named Libra. I learn that they have already exhausted all the constellations and stars of the first and second magnitudes.) Mr. Smith had been absent for the last year as envoy to the republic of Constantinople, stopping on his return to confer with the Irish President about the proposed tunnel through the Mountains of the Moon, a project which it was thought would much facilitate the Caffre trade.

We chatted for an hour or so concerning the improvement in manners and literature abroad, and the change at home, when, rising as if to go, he said he had called in relation to a little matter he hoped would not make any difficulty between us—indeed, he was sure it would not; but he had noticed that morning, in making some alterations in his out-buildings, that his lot was less in width than it was when he left home. He did not like to believe that our division-fence had been moved, and yet his house-lot was the matter of six inches narrower than when the last survey was made. I assured Mr. Smith he must be in error; the fence had not been moved. Upon this, he was more confident in his assertion. I protested; he still affirmed, with considerable warmth; indeed, both of us grew not a little heated in the dispute, when I proposed to test the truth by an actual examination, and we both went down. There were no external marks upon the ground indicating that the posts had been moved, yet Mr. Smith's statement was more than confirmed; his lot was at least ten inches less in width than I had known it to be two months before. With some confusion of face, I protested my innocence anew, but I saw Mr. Aldebaran Smith evidently thought me a villain. We parted in no very good humor; and I, being a bit of a philosopher, went to my observatory with some uneasy reflections.

It was a favorite retreat of mine in those days; and surely I cannot imagine a better one, both for observation and meditation. Elevated above the world around, I looked down upon its teeming life and activity; off over its boundless fields, now rich with the harvest; upon its mills and huge factories; upon a white monument here and there rising above the trees, commemorating the bravery of some patriot who fell fighting for the integrity of the Union; upon fair and stately edifices, and upon the river winding along between banks noisy with the labor of electric engines and clamorous machinery. It was one of the glorious, cloudless days in September. The hum of many-voiced labor below formed a chorus to the flow of my thoughts. The whole air was alive with balloons. Some dark, piratical-looking crafts—air-marauders; some neat business-carriages, driving along like the wind; and yet others of airy build, fair with streamers, decked with high-flushed summer-flowers, filled with gay forms, exuberant in young beauty and mirth, moving languidly along: now soaring to dizzy heights, now sinking so low that

I could see the beautiful faces of their occupants, could hear their wild songs, and the sweet music of

'Ladies' laughter coming through the air.'

Oh, that singing and gayest laughter ringing out on the boundless air! as if a thousand singing-birds from Paradise had been let fly in the upper ether. It is hushed now, but its tones are in my ear as I write.

Amid all the gaiety and life of landscape and the air, I could not divert my thoughts from my recent rencontre with Mr. Smith, and that awkward business of the fence. So much did it weigh upon my mind that I mentioned the circumstance to my family at the tea-table. My son Newton, who was something of a mathematical genius, proposed to measure the territory in dispute himself. He returned, bringing intelligence which gave me fresh perplexity. The lot had shrunk at least twelve inches; and not only that, he found our own had diminished in a like ratio. He had scarcely finished speaking when a neighbor rushed in, and with some confusion related the observation of a similar phenomenon at his own residence, and ended by declaring that the Day of Judgment must be at hand. I was somewhat alarmed at these reports, although I did not heed his conclusion, as he was a Millerite, and had been accustomed to predict the same thing every month for ten years past. We went into the streets together. The town was quiet, the streets brilliantly illuminated, and the usual crowd of gay promenaders thronged the sidewalks and filled the shops of fashionable resort. As yet the alarm had not spread to any extent; or, if a few whispered their fears of some approaching calamity, not many heard or heeded; or, thinking it an idle tale of the Millerites, took no trouble to investigate for themselves, and laughed at the credulous. As for myself, being rather perplexed than terrified, and not caring to incur ridicule by expressing my own apprehensions, I returned home, and passed the report off to my family as another panic of the confounded Millerites. Yet I was far from being satisfied myself; and all the long night I slept little, or, if I did, dreamed the wildest dreams that ever entered human imagination.

At one time I stood alone upon a vast arid plain, stretching away illimitably on every side, and above it the sky, not pellucid and expansive, but like a dead convexity of copper spanning the desolate plain. And as I stood there, methought the sky of copper seemed to near me, and the vast plain to shrink. And so it did till it was no longer sky and plain, but a most fearful prison, whose walls I could almost reach by putting out my hand, and the air grew close and stifling; and with a strange feeling of compression I awoke. Again, I was far out in space, supported only by a boulder, or, as it seemed, a meteoric stone, which drove fearfully along, whirling, meanwhile, rapidly on its axis — turning and shooting in a dizzy maze, till I was sick with giddiness.

When morning came, there was no longer any room for doubt that some strange change was passing in nature. As the sun rose, and men came forth to their labor, and shops were opened, and the rattle of machinery began to break the stillness, the reports of the evening before gained ground. They spread from mouth to mouth, till half the villagers, now

moved by an indefinable terror, ran hither and thither, measuring and re-measuring, and telling the results with the wildest looks of wonder. By noon, none felt any restraint in acknowledging their fears. Indeed, there was no longer need of measurement by rule or chain, for the shrinking of house-lots, the streets, and even the dwellings, was apparent to the eye. I shall never forget the frenzied confusion of that day. Dwellings and work-shops poured out their denizens, and the streets were filled with an excited and wonder-struck mass. Tradesmen, with pale faces and trembling limbs, stood in their door-ways telling that their shops had shrunk—ay, seemed even to be shrinking as they spoke. Farmers came running in, crying out that as they ploughed in the fields, the earth seemed to stiffen and grow hard—was almost impervious to the plough. Sailors from the river swore that the water was falling away from the banks; and one, who had just bathed, declared that the water buoyed him up in spite of his efforts to sink below the surface.

Going, about this time, to the large village common, I found it occupied by an assemblage of kneeling figures, dressed in long white robes, with pasteboard crowns on their heads. They were shouting, and beating the air and ground with extravagant gestures. And ever as they beat the air, they sang in wildest voices :

‘If you get there before I do,
Just tell ‘em I’m a-coming too,
To play on the golden harp,
To play on the golden ha-arp,
To play on the golden harp.’

The chorus was caught up again and again by the excited multitude, and flung up to the sky in most passionate tones. It was a band of Millerites, and I should think there was nearly an acre of them.

As the day wore on, fresh reports brought fresh wonder and terror, until every man stood aghast and speechless, waiting for further developments. It was now four o’clock, I remember, and the air-express that brought the hourly edition of the city papers came whizzing through the atmosphere. When the mail was opened, I seized the *Aërial Telegraph* eagerly, though with an instinctive dread. I had hoped and believed that this strange phenomenon was entirely local; that this shrinking of the earth and houses might be attributed to some sectional agitation beneath the surface of the earth, some hitherto unknown convulsion, more terrible than the earthquake, indeed, but yet not general. How was my hope dashed, and my wildest speculations out-jumped, when the following paragraph met my eye :

‘APPALLING PHENOMENA!

‘MOST TERRIBLE RUIN IMPENDING!’

‘Just as we are going to press with the tenth edition of to-day, (circulation *one million*!) confirmed accounts reach us of fearful phenomena, with which we have been unwilling heretofore to alarm our readers. Every where, the fields, highways, and all standing on the surface of the earth, seem to be shrinking and growing smaller. Our city has not escaped. The streets have become visibly narrower since yesterday. The water in the docks is sinking, the town is filled with frightened faces, the air is dolorous with notes of woe. Since the Act of the one hundred and thirtieth Congress that every man should shave his head, our city has not been thrown into such a tumult. The

'College of Scientific Men' has convened in all haste to investigate and devise a remedy. They have brought to light the almost forgotten theory of philosophers, that '*the earth is so porous that if adequate pressure were applied, it could be condensed into the space of a square foot!*' In spite of their assumed composure, it is evident they are perplexed and terrified. The people are awaiting the result of their investigations with an impatience amounting almost to madness. Further particulars at five o'clock.

'P. S. This announcement has crowded out our editorial on the civil war in Patagonia. We merely state that Gen. AUGHFULTOP, the leader of the republican forces, has completely routed the insurgents in a pitched battle.'

As I read, the words seemed to burn into my brain. I saw it all. In the omnipotence of God, the 'adequate pressure' *was* being applied, and the world was doomed; its beautiful fields, busy cities, restless oceans, and millions of men, all fated to perish! Stupefied, and terrified almost to insanity, I ran through the streets to my own dwelling, and ascended the observatory. Family, friends, almost life itself, were forgotten, in the all-pressing thought of ruin. Darkness came, and hour after hour I sat listless and inattentive; only always was the horrid truth burning my brain, the inarticulate murmurs of despair from the village beneath me filling my ears; but above, the silent, pure stars rode on, as peerless and tranquil as when first they sang together. The many pleasure-balloons had sunk to the earth, as the event proved, never more to rise in airy flight.

So I sat there, enveloped in gloom; only startled from my reverie when the air-couriers bringing the mail from the city hourly drove along, marking their course by the rockets which from time to time they sent blazing into the night, announcing their arrival to some village or hamlet, when they dropped its quota of mail, and then went, like winged, fire-breathing steeds, whizzing on their way. Many a night before I had watched them, seeming to trace their paths among the stars, as quick-winged, fire-heralded messengers of science; but to-night, as hourly they sent up their flaming signals, flying over town, lake, lowland and mountain, gleaming and irradiating the darkness, till their light was mingled with the northern stars, I could only look upon them as flying fiends, avant-couriers of doom, confirming woe and ruin. What announcements they brought I cared not to know. Every thing, alas! was too clear to me already—the earth and all its inhabitants were to be crushed, compressed to annihilation. And to add to my terror, the thought was ever present with me that I alone, of all men, should live. By some mysterious power, I should be exempt—should see the earth grow smaller and still less—should stand the last of men upon the last of earth. So wore away the dismal night.

Morning broke with unusual magnificence. As the sun mounted the orient, and threw his first beams upon the vast map of cultivated country within my view, upon the many villages, upon the homes of wealth and luxury, and for many miles upon the winding river, and spires, domes, and monuments, and the calm water grew radiant and golden in the reflected light, I thought I had never beheld a sight so glorious. But the pomp and splendor of the sun, moving upward with such calm strength—a symbol of eternal endurance—seemed to me a terrible mockery of the boastful earth, now shrinking into nothingness. And how changed the landscape! True, it lay in all its accustomed loveliness; but it was the beauty of a dream. The hush of desolation was on

it. There were now no more sounds of awakening industry; no harvesters in the field; no busy clatter of engines in the factories; no clamor of ponderous machinery along the river shore.

The morning brought sad confirmation of my fears. Expresses reported the same phenomenon every where—every where the same terror. In the third morning edition of the *Aërial Telegraph* I read the following:

‘THE WORLD DOOMED!’

‘DURING the night, we received such special dispatches from nearly every quarter of the globe as leave us in no farther doubt of the nature of the calamity impending over us. Yesterday, the same startling appearances were observed at Lima, at San Francisco, and Astoria; and by a dispatch over the *Bhering Straits and Asiatic Line* we obtain similar reports from London, and the principal European cities, as well as from Pekin, Singapore, Bagdad, Timbuctoo, and Cape Town. In this city, the streets are narrowing steadily; every thing is shrinking. The ‘College’ is utterly confounded, and the people, despairing of aid from it, have grown wild in robbery, debauchery, and recklessness of life.

‘We are requested to state, in behalf of the committee for celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Louisville, where the armies of the Union achieved such a splendid victory over the Disunionists, that the celebration will not take place to-morrow, as arranged, but is postponed indefinitely.’

In our own village the scene was now pitiful. The process of condensation had gone on rapidly during the night, and the change was now striking. All business and occupation were dead for ever. Men stood listlessly in their door-ways, or wandered distractedly up and down the streets, or, collecting in little groups on the corners, conversed in trembling whispers. Little children left their hoops and marbles on the pavement, stole silently to their mothers’ side, and in their haggard faces learned to dread the unknown calamity.

But why need I detail all the horror, the sleepless nights and hopeless days of the approaching ruin? Gradually and slowly, but surely, day by day, the fields and streams narrowed and shrank, the houses neared each other, crushed together, and fell hugging the hardening earth. On the thirtieth day, the river that ran by the village had become a mere thread, the farms had shrunk fearfully, the streets were narrow paths, and the houses were fast sinking into the ground. Then, too, began to be shadowed the most fearful, the last act in the drama of annihilation. Every one but myself had complained for days of an increasing weariness, an inability to move freely or lift their feet from the ground, of a pressure that was crushing them, of a power that was irresistibly *sucking* them toward the centre of the earth. These sensations were known to me only by observation. I did not understand them, and I do not now know why the human race was not crushed and buried in the first instant; why they were left in such lingering agony. I thought it a miracle then, and do now. Day by day, hour by hour, I watched the destruction of my race. Soon men could no longer move; the weakest could not support themselves upright; then the strongest sank powerless; till, finally, all were held bound immovable to the earth. I have reason to believe that most were unconscious of this terrible death, for a merciful Providence had taken away the light of reason, and the world for days had been a world of maniacs. Yet, to see the poor idiots turn smiling faces up to

the sun and stars, and with insane laughter make merry with dissolution, was appalling!

Sick and stricken, as with infinite terror, I fled from the village and the haunts of men—alas! of men no more. All sensation of hunger and thirst, and indeed every feeling but that of utter desolation, had left me, and I wandered on blindly and madly, any where—any where from the sight of human anguish. For the first time, I noticed that the days and nights were growing shorter, but this did not impress me so much then as it did afterward. Still I wandered on and on, until at length I stood upon a broad, barren prairie; here, at least, I should escape the awful spectacle of sinking dwellings and crushed men.

FROM this period I can give no account of time: day and night were alike to me. I think I must have swooned and slept for days, and perhaps months. Yet I knew all the while that the earth was continually condensing; that the days grew shorter and shorter. When full consciousness returned, the prairie had shrunk to the size of a mere grass-plot. Leaving that, I wandered to the north-east, in the neighborhood of the Great Lakes. I found only diminutive ponds. The mighty cataract of Niagara, which I had thought would endure for ever, was no longer visible; and in vain I searched for any trace of those great northern metropolises, Detroit, Chicago, and Sault Sainte Marie. Every where was the desolation of death. The vast northern forests had vanished, and which ever way I turned my footsteps, I met the same chilling silence. Home or shelter there was none on all the dreary earth; it mattered little whether I laid down on Arctic snows, or in the fervid tropics sought in vain the cool refreshment of spice-bearing forests that overgrow so rankly there. Listless, and almost emotionless, I roamed like a vagabond, denied every thing but life. How often I wished I had slept in a quiet grave on the banks of the Hudson, long ago, when the mounds were green there!

At one time I stood on the shore of the Atlantic. Its surface was waveless—smooth as polished marble. Thinking to bathe my aching limbs, I stepped forward; but it yielded not to my feet; it was firm, solid as adamant. Walking out upon it, I looked down, down into its crystal depths. The rays of the sun, gliding into its bosom, returned to my eye in all the hues of the rainbow, and all the mighty ocean sparkled and glittered like a huge diamond; while below me, in infinite number and form, the tribes of fish and sea-monsters lay motionless and still as if bound in iron.

Again, straying southward, I stood beside Chimborazo. It had shrunk to a little hillock. And sitting down on its peak, I looked along the range of the Andes, now mere dots on the earth's surface, and off over the calm Pacific. All its coral islands, that sat 'very glorious in the midst of the sea,' vocal with song of tropical birds, stirring with busy traffic, and swarming with traders from the ends of the earth, had long ago been engulfed. All the ships that used to skim its surface, laden with wealth and the products of man's industry, and all the men who manned them, where were they?

Keeping still southward, along what was once the range of the Andes, I reached the southern extremity of the Western Continent. The Patagonian bluffs had disappeared; Terra del Fuego had sunk its frowning rocks; and the once terrible sea, where so many stout ships had foundered in the vexed waves, was now as calm as a summer lake. With a vague consciousness of the silent shrinking and condensing of the earth, of the continual shortening of the days, a listless retracing of my steps northward, and I stood once more on the North American shore of the Atlantic.

The ocean had dwindled to the width of a ferry, and before me, almost within a stone's throw, lay England and the European land. Going forward upon the glassy sea, with no need now of chart or compass, I reached the Old World. (I have forgotten to mention before the condensation of the atmosphere, which circumstance had for some time impeded my progress; and now it was with difficulty that I could push my way through it. The sensation was something like that of walking against a stormy wind. The effort of breathing so condensed a gas was quite evident upon my respiratory organs also.) I was in England. But where were London and the vast cities of the Thames? I was in Austria. Where was 'cannon-girt Vienna?' I was in Russia. Where were the gorgeous cities of the Cossack Empire? Farther eastward, I reached what were once the wide plains of Bactriana, near which I knew had been the Garden of Eden. Here had been the cradle of the human race. 'Here,' I exclaimed, 'it is fit that the LAST MAN should find his grave.' My journeying on earth was ended. I wandered no more; but there, in dogged indifference, awaited my fate. At this period, another phenomenon, which I have not alluded to, began to grow upon my perception. I refer to the rotation of the earth on its axis. I had been slightly sensible of this for some days, but now it seemed to increase in an accelerated ratio. The sun did not now rise majestically as usual, but shot quickly up in the east, hurried its flight across the heavens, and plunged into the west; it was so with the planets and stars.

I have said I was in a state of dogged indifference. This is only partially true. At times I was wrapped in most blessed visions, from which I awoke to keenest agony; and again I fell into a deep insensibility. Now there was charming music in the air; strains sweet as ever Eden heard. Anon, it was full of faces; beautiful faces; known and remembered faces of those I had loved and cherished. How they smile on me! how they pity me with their gentle eyes! And there are the grave, immortal faces of the great of all ages, sad as we see them in pictures. How the wonderful gathering increases! It stretches away illimitably; the whole sky is filled. Hands beckon me: I hear voices. Yet the crowd increases; they press upon me; they jostle me. I start up! There is only the dull sky and the hard earth, shrinking, shrinking!

Or, I dream of green fields, and trees in full leaf, and cool streams flowing by pleasant banks, and the blue sky over all. I am ill; ill at home. The room is shaded, that the light shall not disturb me. I hear light footsteps on the carpeted floor. A form bends over me, and a face that I passionately loved in boyhood, that I learned to regard with

a truer and deeper affection when manhood came. She bends still lower to part away the hair from my feverish forehead, and a soft curl touches my cheek. How the vision maddens me when I awake! Awake to what?

The earth had diminished to a very small compass. The sun did not now rise and set, but was fixed overhead; and the fact was past doubt that the earth was whirling on its axis with increased rapidity, and I with it, round and round, describing a circle continually lessening. From this time, recollection is confused. I remember that the rotation of the earth was accelerated every hour, every moment. In my rapid whirling, the sun seemed no longer a globe, but a band of flame encircling the sky, and the stars slender threads of parallel light. The centrifugal form was evidently, in relation to myself, overcoming the centripetal; my hold on the earth was loosened, and the next instant I was hurled—shot like a rocket—afar into space. With what a delicious, delirious sensation I sank down, down; or rather, to drop the word *down* as not applicable to space, I floated onward. I was free! The untamed Tartar was not more so. The gray eagle never knew so bold and daring a flight. My spirits rose in unbounded exhilaration, as if I had tasted the elixir of life. The heaviness of earthy clods was no longer about my feet, but I moved in the pure ether like a spirit.

The novelty of my situation for a time wrapped me in astonishment: alone, unsupported, floating out in that vague, indefinable space I had longed all my life to fathom. I had become as one of the nightly host that used to look down so pityingly on me when on the earth; a brother to the stars! To my unobstructed sight, the vast multitude of worlds were visible—around, near me, or glimmering in the far, soundless depths. Looking back, I could not distinguish the earth; but the wild moon yet wandered, widowed, through the heavens. For a time my course seemed in a straight line, and I moved very swiftly. But at length I felt other influences at work upon me. My speed was considerably diminished. I was drawn hither and thither, turned this way and that, I suppose by the conflicting attractions of the sun and stars. Soon these influences also ceased, or rather became harmonized, and I moved on steadily and rapidly. This motion has never changed. From my limited knowledge of astronomy and the position of the heavenly bodies, (*quorum pars magna sum*.) I think I am in what we used to call ‘our system,’ moving in a vast circle round the sun. I consider my situation a desirable one, unless I should enter a complaint on account of the extreme scarcity of provisions. But men are mere creatures of habit. I have become a planet. I don’t know but I am as contented to be a planet as to be shut out from the light of day, and the sight of God’s fields and stars, by grates of iron and stony-hearted keepers.

HERE the manuscript ends, or rather runs into insane ravings about freedom, and the bliss of the planetary state. Then follow interjections, dashes, plots, and mere disjointed insane sentences, which the present editor can in no wise decipher: nor does he care to.

T R E E O F A N H U N D R E D A G E S .

BY LAWRENCE LABSEE.

TREE of an hundred ages,
With trunk so stout and bold,
If speech were thine, how couldst thou tell
Dim legends of the wold,
When, chief of all the monarchs round,
Bedecked in summer sheen,
The Indian told his tale of love
Beneath thy branches green!

When but a frail and tender shoot
Thou first didst greet the day,
The conquering Saxon ne'er had trod
With an imperious sway
Upon the turf or o'er the graves
Of that proud warrior-race
Whose undisputed empire did
A continent embrace.

But thou hast stood unharmed, unscarred,
Amidst Time's envious shocks,
A witness equal of the Past
With the eternal rocks:
And the proud red-man, chief of all
These broad and fair domains,
Holds now but faint, disputed sway
Beyond the western plains.

Oft, when the gay and procreant Spring
Put forth its brightest flowers,
And the sweet clover blossomed
In the dew of warm May showers,
High in thy green and breezy top,
By rosy morning blest,
The fairy humming-bird hath built
His soft and tiny nest.

The eagle, too, hath perched him there,
To watch afar his prey,
With eye whose unquailed lustre
Looked unblanched upon the Day:
With heart that never owned a throb
That dastard fear hath sprung,
Nor ever shrunk beneath a bolt
From Jove's deep thunder flung!

And when the swarthy folds of night
Fell like a mantle round,
And from the whispering forest came
A strange and solemn sound:

Such wierd-like music thou hast heard
From panther, fox, and owl,
Whilst the young fawn fled, frightened,
From the wild wolf's dreadful howl!

And thou hast stood when round thee flashed
The awful lightning's glare,
And the red bolt fell hissing through
The hot sulphureous air:
While, bruised and scarred with tempest-rack,
Thy co-mates from their berths,
With shriek and groan, and root upturn,
Bowed their high heads to earth!

How often in the autumn-time,
When the brown nuts appear,
The Indian held his harvest-feast,
The corn-feast of the year:
While through the bland and wholesome air
The wigwam-smoke curled blue,
And the warm sun shone smiling down
Thy spreading antlers through.

The scene was changed: the battle-shout
From hill to valley rang,
And thousands of swart warriors
From their dark ambush sprang;
And poisoned dart and tomahawk
With blood were crimsoned o'er,
And the rank earth about thy roots
Smoked hot with human gore!

But o'er the scene where war's fierce tide
Eerst rolled ensanguined waves,
Thy shadow in the morning-sun
Falls peaceful on the graves
Of those who fell in angry feud,
Or age's calm decay,
And thou the sole gray witness left
Of those long passed away!

And when the hoary winter's blast
Drove down its frozen rain,
Or, glittering in the moon, the snow
Lay crisp upon the plain,
Thy mossy trunk and iron heart,
Stout limbs—a giant form!—
Braved with a monarch's proud despite
The anger of the storm.

But now no more amidst thy boughs
The blue-bird's song shall gush,
To hail the earliest dawn of light
That makes the Orient blush;
No more, when parting day hath tinged
With purple hues the even,
Shalt hear the robin warble sweet
His vesper-hymn to HEAVEN.

For though both storms and time in vain
 Have warred against thy prime,
 IMPROVEMENT dooms thy fall at last —
 ART consecrates the crime!
 And o'er strange seas to foreign lands,
 Thou, through the tempest driven,
 Must battle the eternal waves,
 Till thy strong thews be riven!

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE
 LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

CHAPTER FOUR.

THE CROWN OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Toward the end of the month of December, the porters of the Bidault Express distributed a hundred copies, or thereabout, of an invitation, of which the following is an exact transcript:

'MR.:

'Messrs. RODOLPHE and MARCEL request the honor of your company Saturday evening next, (Christmas eve,) to hear a little laughter.

'P. S. — We have but one life to live.'

And enclosed was the following

PROGRAMME OF THE ENTERTAINMENT:

'At seven, doors open. Lively and animated conversation.

'At eight, the talented authors of the *Mountain in Labor*, a comedy refused at the Odeon, will enter and walk about.

'At eight and a half, Mr. ALEXANDER SCHAUNARD, a distinguished virtuoso, will execute on the piano *The Influence of Blue in the Arts*: an onomatopoeic symphony.

'At nine, reading of a Report on the Abolition of Capital Punishment by TRAGEDY.

'At nine and a half, Mr. GUSTAVE COLLINE, hyperphysic philosopher, will open a discussion with Mr. SCHAUNARD, on the Comparative Merits of Philosophy and Metapolitics.* To prevent any collision between the disputants, they will be tied together.

'At ten, Mr. TRISTAN, a literary man, will recount the story of his first love, accompanied on the piano by Mr. SCHAUNARD.

'At ten and a half, reading of a Report on the Abolition of Capital Punishment by TRAGEDY, (continued.)

'At eleven, Account of a Cassowary Hunt by an Eastern Prince.†

* If metaphysics is what comes after physics, according to etymology, (though in practice I have generally found to be *what comes after liquor*,) this new science must be *what comes after politics*. What in the name of every thing awful is that? The deluge is to come after some politicians, according to Prince METTERNICH and Lord MALDSTONE.

† The structure of this sentence does not make it quite clear whether the Eastern Prince was actually present to relate the Cassowary Hunt, or whether his performance was limited to hunting the animal, and the *account* of the hunt was to be another person's work. A somewhat similar ambiguity I recollect in a magazine title some years ago: *Lines on a Lady Slandered*, by Barry Cornwall; which one of our newspapers reprinted so as to cast a grave imputation on the poet, thus: *Lines on a Lady, Slandered by Barry Cornwall*.

PART II.

'At twelve, Mr. MARCEL, historical painter, will suffer his eyes to be bandaged, and extemporize in crayon the meeting of NAPOLEON and VOLTAIRE in the Elysian Fields. Mr. RODOLPHE will simultaneously extemporize a poetic parallel between the author of *Zaire* and the author of the *Battle of Austerlitz*.

'At twelve and a half, Mr. COLLINE, in a modest *deshabille*, will imitate the athletic sports of the Fourth Olympiad.

'At one in the morning, reading of the Report on the Abolition of Capital Punishment by TRAGEDY, (re-continued,) and subscription for the benefit of the tragic authors whose occupation is to be gone.

'At two, quadrilles will be organized and continue till morning.

'At six, sunrise and final chorus.

'During the whole continuance of the performance, all the ventilators will be in play.

'N. B. — Any person attempting to read or write verses will be immediately handed over to the police.

'N. B. 2d. — Gentlemen are requested not to pocket the candle-ends.'

Two days after, copies of this invitation were circulating in the third stories of art and literature, and creating a profound sensation. Nevertheless, there were some of the guests who doubted the splendors announced by our two friends.

'I have grave suspicions,' said one of the skeptical. 'I was at Rodolphe's *Wednesdays* sometimes when he lived *Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne*. You could only sit down metaphorically, and had nothing but water to drink, and not filtered at that.'

Now, a word as to the origin of this party which was causing so much astonishment in the *Transpontine* world of art. For about a year, Marcel and Rodolphe had been talking of this sumptuous gala, which was always to come off *next Saturday*, but disagreeable circumstances had forced their promise to run the round of fifty-two weeks; so that they were in the condition of not being able to move without encountering some ironical remark from their acquaintances, some of whom were even rash enough to demand its fulfilment! The thing was beginning to take the character of a standing joke against them; the two friends resolved to put an end to this by liquidating their engagement. Accordingly they sent out the above invitation.

'Now,' said Rodolphe, 'there is no retreat. We have burned our ships. Eight days are left us to procure the hundred francs indispensable to doing the thing properly.'

'Since we *must* have them, we *will*,' answered Marcel; and with their habitual rash trust in luck, the two friends went to sleep, well convinced that the hundred francs were already on the way—some impossible way—toward them.

However, the night before the day indicated for the entertainment, as nothing had yet arrived, Rodolphe thought it would be safer to help his luck a little, if he did not wish to find himself disgraced when the time was come for lighting up. To facilitate this, the two friends progressively modified the splendors of their self-imposed programme. By modification after modification, cutting down very much the article of Cakes, and carefully reviewing and abridging the article of Refreshments, the total expense was reduced to fifteen francs: the question was simplified, but not resolved.

'Come, come,' said Rodolphe, 'we must put every engine at work. In the first place, we cannot adjourn the performances this time.'

'Impossible!' replied Marcel.

'How long is it since I heard the story of the Battle of Studzianka?'

'Nearly two months.'

'Two months? Good! Quite long enough. My uncle shall not have to complain of me. I will go to-morrow and make him tell me the Battle of Studzianka; that will be five francs, *sure*.'

'And I,' said Marcel, 'will go and sell a *deserted manor* to old Medicis; that will be five francs, too. If I have time to put in three turrets and a mill, it may go up to ten francs, and we shall have our *budget*.'

So the two friends fell asleep, dreaming that the Princess Belgiozoso was begging them to change their days of reception, so as not to take from her salons all the literati of Paris.

Marcel awoke early in the morning, took a canvas, and went energetically to work on a *deserted manor*, an article particularly in demand with a broker of the *Place du Carrousel*. Rodolphe, on his part, went to visit his uncle Monetti, who excelled in the retreat from Russia, which he had the pleasure of repeating to his nephew five or six times a year, in consideration of some small loans, which the veteran stove-maker did not hesitate about when his narrative had been listened to with sufficient enthusiasm.

About two in the afternoon, Marcel, with downcast look and a portrait under his arm, met, in the *Place du Carrousel*, Rodolphe, coming from his uncle's with a face that announced bad news.

'Well,' asked Marcel, 'were you successful?'

'No, indeed! my uncle has gone to Versailles — and you?'

'That beast of a Medicis does n't want any more ruined castles. He asked me for a *Bombardment of Tangier*.'

'Our reputation is gone if we don't give our party,' said Rodolphe. 'What will my friend the influential critic say, if I make him put on a white cravat and straw-colored gloves for nothing?'

Both returned home a prey to the most lively anxiety just as the clock (not their clock, of course) struck four.

'We have but three hours before us,' said Rodolphe.

'But,' exclaimed Marcel, approaching his friend, 'are you sure, now, *quite* sure, that we have no money left here?'

'Neither here nor any where else. How should we?'

'If we look under the furniture — in the chairs? They say that the emigrants used to hide their treasure in Robespierre's time. Perhaps our arm-chair belonged to one; beside, it is so hard that I have often thought there must be metal inside of it. Will you make an autopsy of it?'

'This is mere farce!' replied Rodolphe, with an air of mingled sternness and pity.

Suddenly Marcel, who had been poking into every corner of the room, uttered a shout of triumph.

'We are saved!' he cried. 'I was sure there was something valuable here. Look!' and he showed Rodolphe a piece of money the size of a crown, half consumed by rust and verdigris. It was a Carolingian coin, of some value to an antiquary. The inscription was fortunately in such a state of preservation that you could read the date of Charlemagne's reign.

'That! it is worth thirty sous!' said Rodolphe, casting a contemptuous look at his friend's discovery.

'Thirty sous well employed will do a good deal,' answered Marcel. 'With twelve hundred men, Bonaparte made ten thousand Austrians surrender. Skill makes up for want of numbers. I shall go and sell this crown of Charlemagne to Father Medicis. Is there nothing else to sell here? Suppose I take that cast of the Russian drum-major's thigh-bone. That would bring a heap.'

'Take it along—but it's a pity. There will not be a single object of art left.'

While Marcel was gone, Rodolphe, determined to give the party in any case, went to find his friend Colline, the hyperphysic philosopher, who lived two doors off. 'I am come to beg a favor of you,' said he: 'in my quality of host I must absolutely have a black coat. I *have n't* one. Lend me yours.'

'But,' replied the other, with some hesitation, 'in my quality of guest I want a black coat too, I do.'

'I will allow you to come in your frock.'

'You know very well I never had one.'

'Well, we can arrange it somehow. If it comes to the worst, you may lend me your coat and not come to the party.'

'That won't do at all; for I am on the programme, and therefore must be there.'

'There are a good many other things on the programme that won't be there,' said Rodolphe. 'Lend me your coat, at any rate. If you want to come, come as you choose—in your shirt-sleeves—you can pass for a faithful domestic.'

'No,' rejoined Colline, blushing, 'I will wear my hazel over-coat—but it's a great bore, all this.' And as he perceived that Rodolphe had already laid hands on the famous black coat, he called out, 'Wait a bit; there's something in the pockets.'

Colline's coat deserves particular mention. In the first place, it was of a very positive blue, so that its owner used to say 'my black coat,' merely from a way he had. And as his was the only dress-coat belonging to the association, his friends had also fallen into the way of saying, when they spoke of the philosopher's official garment, 'Colline's black coat.' Moreover, this garment had a peculiar cut, the most bizarre possible; its very long skirts, attached to a very short waist, were furnished with two pockets, perfect abysses, in which he used to stow a score of volumes which he always carried about with him; so that his friends said that when the public libraries were closed, the literary public might apply to Colline's skirts, where a library was always open.

That day, for a wonder, the coat contained only a quarto volume of Bayle, a three-volume treatise on the *Hyperphysic Faculties*, one volume of Condillac, two of Swedenborg, and Pope's Essay on Man. Having emptied his portable library of these, Colline allowed Rodolphe to put it on.

'Eh!' said the latter, 'this left pocket is very heavy still; you have left something in it.'

'True,' said Colline, 'I have forgotten to empty the foreign-languages

pocket.' He drew out two Arab grammars, a Malay dictionary, and a Chinese guide, one of his pet-books.

When Rodolphe returned, he found Marcel playing at pitch-and-toss with five-franc pieces to the number of three. At first he was ready to reject his friend's offered hand, thinking he must have committed a crime to get the money.

'Make haste! make haste!' cried Marcel. 'We have the fifteen francs requisite—even thus: I found an antiquary at the Jew's. When he saw my coin, he all-but fainted; it was the only one wanting in his collection. He had sent all over the globe to fill the gap, and had lost all hope. So, after carefully examining my crown of Charlemagne, he did not hesitate to offer me five francs for it. Medicis pushed my elbow, and completed his explanation by a look, as much as to say, 'Share the proceeds, and I'll bid against him.' We went up to thirty francs; I gave the Jew fifteen; here is the rest! Now let our guests come! We are in a condition to astonish them. Hallo! you've got a dress-coat!'

'Colline's coat,' said Rodolphe. He felt for his handkerchief, and brought out a little volume of *Manchou*, which had been forgotten in the *foreign-languages* pocket. The two friends proceeded to their preparations immediately. The room was put in order; a fire lighted in the stove; a canvas-frame garnished with candles was hung from the ceiling by way of chandelier; a desk placed in the centre to serve the orators for tribune; and before it the only arm-chair, destined to be occupied by the influential critic. On a table were arranged all the essays, articles, poems, and novels, whose authors were to honor the party with their presence. To avoid any collision between the different departments of literature, the four sides of the apartment were hastily labelled:

POETS.
ESSAYISTS.

ROMANTIC SCHOOL.
CLASSIC SCHOOL.

The ladies were to sit in the middle.

'Ah, but we are short of chairs!' said Rodolphe.

'Oh,' said Marcel, 'there are some along the wall on the landing. Let's borrow some.'

'Certainly we will,' quoth Rodolphe, going out to appropriate the neighbors' chairs.

The clock struck six; the friends made a rapid dinner, and hastened to light up their rooms. The effect astonished themselves. At seven, Schaunard arrived with three ladies, who had forgotten to bring their jewelry or their bonnets. One of them wore a red shawl with black spots. Schaunard commended her particularly to Rodolphe.

'She is a very respectable person,' he said; 'an English lady driven into exile by the fall of the Stuarts. She supports a modest existence by giving lessons in her language. Her grand-father was Chancellor under Cromwell, she says; so you must not be too familiar with her.'

Several steps were heard on the stair-case. It was the guests arriving. They seemed much astonished to see fire in the stove. As soon as there was a score of people assembled, Schaunard asked if it was not time to take a drink of something.

'In a minute,' said Marcel. 'We are waiting for the arrival of the influential critic to kindle the punch.'

By eight, all the guests had arrived, and the programme began to be

executed. After each entertainment the company took a drink of something, nobody could tell exactly *what*.

About ten, the white waist-coat of the influential critic made its appearance. He only staid an hour, and was exceedingly temperate in his libations.

At twelve, as the wood was all gone, and it began^d to be very cold, such of the guests as had chairs drew lots for who should throw his into the fire. By one o'clock every body was standing.

An amiable gaiety reigned throughout this memorable evening, which was a nine-days' wonder in the neighborhood. Schaunard's friend Phemy, who had been the queen of the party, used to say of it to her friends, 'It was real splendid, my dear: they had lots of wax-candles.'

L I N E S .

In the early summer evening,
When the glorious sun has set,
And the stars are gently gleaming,
In Night's hall of beauty met;
When the balmy breeze blows gaily,
Toying with the laughing leaves,
And the cricket chirrups shrilly
To the swallow on the eaves;
When the robin chants his vesper
With the black-bird and the thrush
High up in the spire-like poplar,
In the calm, clear evening's hush;
And the forest-trees stand stately
In a dark and rustling rank,
While the violet sedately
Breathes forth perfume from yon bank,
By the babbling, bubbling streamlet,
As it ripples o'er the stones,
Harping on the starry beamlet
With its thousand tiny tones;
When the darkness dewy-drooping
Is so slow in coming on,
And the day-light lingers, stooping
To the embraces of the sun;
When the bride of haughty heaven
With unconscious beauty beams,
While her smiles are sweetly given
To the meadow-lands and streams;
Then I wander forth delighted,
And my fancy flies afar
Back where all the hours are lighted
Rosy with the hopes that were:
Then the forms of the true-hearted,
All the loved and lost of yore
Who have silently departed
To that far, still, unknown shore;
All appear as angels watching,
Guarding all my wayward ways;
Guiding, cheering, and protecting,
As the stars with constant gaze.

M U S I N G S .

‘THERE is no joy but calm!
Why should we only toll, the roof and crown of things?

TENNYSON.

As in gloomy thoughts I pondered
On the sorrow of our lot,
Ever groping, ever striving
For delight that pleaseth not:

(For the sun was hid above me,
Sympathizing with my grief,
While I questioned of my spirit
If the soul could find relief

From this ceaseless, restless action,
From the yearning and the woe
Of a strife for things above us,
From the eagerness to do:

From the doubts and fears that haunt us,
From the hopes more fearful still,
As requiring bolder action,
And a still more constant will:)

Suddenly the clouds were parted,
And the shadows passed away:
Full upon the sombre landscape
Streamed the golden light of day.

Then my spirit shared the gladness
Of a brighter earth and sky;
And, as with a joyful impulse,
To my plaint made this reply:

‘HEAVEN was round us in our childhood:
To the careless, roaming boy,
Every sight and sound of nature
Was a calm and quiet joy.

‘Then we questioned not the meaning
Of the wonders that we saw;
Nor beyond the outward seeming
Sought to find the hidden law.

‘Then we followed not the phantoms
That allure the after years;
Heard not then the syren-voices
That our later manhood hears.

‘Let us seek our ancient quiet,
Let us leave the crowds of men;
Leave the tumult of the battle,
And renew our youth again!

'Like a mighty flowing river
Rolls the restless passion-tide:
Let us leave the rushing current,
Linger by the grassy side.

'From the quiet and the stillness
Of our sheltered, calm retreat,
We will watch the whirling eddies
Breaking madly at our feet:

'And the heart shall keep its freshness,
And the light of life's young day,
With a chastened, softened glory,
Shine upon our evening way.'

H. H.

Great-Barrington, May, 1853.

P A S S A G E S

FROM THE PAPERS OF THE 'TRAVELLING DENTIST.'

'THERE is surely nothing so beautiful in the grave itself as to make it the most fitting depository for our bodies. Build monuments and wreath the garlands; let the sad cypress wave above them, and the flowered turf rest lightly on their bosoms; let soft winds sigh upon their resting-place, and gentle rains make green the field of death, and still beneath are corruption and the worm.'

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED 'DEFENCE OF RESURRECTIONIZING.'

In looking back upon the past, and reviewing the scenes of an adventurous career, my memory most often recalls the events of student-life. Mine has been no flowery path. In that hard struggle begotten within me by the conflicting elements of ambition, recklessness, and poverty, I have been tossed about whither I know not; and now, in the quiet and rest of this more peaceful time, I while away many hours of loneliness, in recalling the strange chances that have befallen me. Of all these, none have left so deep an impression as the *grave* adventures into which an ardent and enthusiastic pursuit of anatomical science beguiled me.

Sometimes the wild clangor of battle comes to me on the southern breeze from the far-distant plains of Mexico; and I hear again the bugle-call, the rolling of the drum, the sharp crack of the rifle, the heavy firing by platoons, the deep booming of the cannon; and, more than all, that wild, infuriate yell with which our volunteers charged upon the enemy. God! what a sound was that! That cry once given, and they were no longer men. They were incarnate devils, and they rushed upon death with a shout,

'As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!'

There was something terribly sublime in the solemn silence in which our regulars went to the charge. The quick martial step; the firm, unbroken discipline; the steady fortitude; in all this, there was that which left me awe-struck and trembling. But in the rush of our volunteers; the fierce impetuosity of their advance, when, as they neared the enemy, they broke

their ranks, and hurled themselves upon the foe, each striving to be first, each fighting as if it were his own personal quarrel, and the pent-up vengeance of years were bursting forth; more than all, that high, piercing cry which shook the sulphury clouds above them, woke in me a fierce feeling of madness and delight, and made me scorn the useful occupation which left me a non-combatant, and long to be the humblest private in the ranks.

Memories like these are often with me; but still farther back among the receding shadows of the past, loom up those events before mentioned, and a deeper and more solemn chord of memory vibrates at the sight. Believe me, reader, there is no spot on earth where one's courage is wound up to the same painful pitch of intensity as in a grave-yard at midnight, while engaged in the jackal trade of the resurrectionist. The deep silence of the scene; the darkness; the whispered word of consultation; the fear of interruption; the white monuments about you; the open grave at your feet, and the shrouded corpse within it, all combine to send a chill to the stoutest heart. And now, sitting safely in my office, how deep a chill pervades me as I think of the events of that night, and day, and night again, which I am about to relate for your benefit!

We were 'bound to have that subject.' As Seth said, it was 'gone up;' and it was ridiculous, nay more, it was ungenerous and mean in the citizens of C — to keep watch and ward over the grave of one whom they knew not, save as a stranger, passing through and dying in their town. So, with an experienced party of four, beside our trusty old driver, (most trusty when most drunk,) we set out at an early hour in the evening, our object being to do our work and get away before the guard reached the spot at about nine o'clock. In this we succeeded. The grave was left as we found it; and so artfully had every thing been replaced, that had we left five minutes sooner, no suspicion would ever have been excited. But alas! we had gone but a little distance on our return home, when we heard the tramp of horses in pursuit. Old H —, the driver, laid on the whip most vigorously, but to no purpose. With muddy roads, five persons in a wagon, and a 'caput mortuum' to boot, we were no match in speed for our pursuers, all on horseback, and, as we had reason to suspect, all well armed. There was no alternative; we must be overtaken. How to 'save the body' was the question. A quarter of a mile ahead we were to turn a corner in the road. Lying in that corner was a recently cleared field, with many stumps of trees remaining, which offered some chances for concealment. Accordingly, some of us left the wagon, taking the 'subject' with us, while H — drove more slowly around the corner. Before I knew how it happened, or by what process of discovery we had hit upon so lucky a hiding-place, we had mounted upon a high stump, and with some effort I had succeeded in dropping the 'dead-head' into the cavity of an adjoining *stub*, which had broken off at about twelve feet from the ground.

But we were late about it. Our pursuers were already in the field. I was perched upon the top of the *stub*, and so near were they, that to spring to the ground would betray our '*cache*,' and most probably lead to my capture. The boys were making for the wagon at a very praiseworthy rate of speed. So I gently lowered myself down into the cavity

where we had just 'buried our dead,' hanging on to the top with my hands, to avoid too low a descent. In a moment our followers were about me. They had noticed our pause at this spot, and supposing that we had abandoned the subject, commenced a careful search for it. Of course I maintained a strict reserve as to my whereabouts. An unlucky cough or sneeze would betray me; and in that case I was elected for an 'imprisonment of not less than two, nor more than five years;' all of which I thought of during their tedious stay. At last they left, with an agreement to return in the morning and complete their search.

But my troubles were not over. I had hung so long suspended at arms' length by the hands, that on attempting to swing up again to the top of the stub, I found it was *no go*; and after several attempts, my cramped hands gave way, and down I went upon the head and shoulders of my departed friend and fellow-prisoner. The position was disagreeable, but I was ever a plucky fellow, and felt no wise discouraged until, after resting a while, I tried to clamber up out of my long chimney of a grave, and found the sides so smooth and slippery with damp as to serve an effectual '*ne exeat*' upon me. Verily, thought I, 'the way of the transgressor is hard!'

I consoled myself for a while with the hope of a speedy return of my party, but hour after hour passed on, and they did not come. Day broke, and as the sun rose in the heavens, the light crept down into my prison and illuminated the ghastly countenance of my fellow-captive. His eyes were half opened; and at last, my nerves growing weak from hunger and long confinement in one position, I fancied that I saw upon his upturned face a strange and cunning leer; a triumphant expression, as if he were chuckling over the horrible scrape into which my attempt to disturb his rest had brought me. I shifted my position so that I could only see the back of his head and his bare shoulders, but the rascal had a kind of French shrug in the latter, which still left the same impression on my excited fancy.

It grew cloudy and cold, and sleet and rain began to fall. My enemies of the night before returned, and completed their unsuccessful search. I felt a strange temptation to cry out and reveal my hiding-place; and had they come later in the day, I believe I should have done so. Noon came. Hitherto my position had been one of great discomfort, but not of actual suffering; but as the day wore on, (and oh, how slowly!) I began to feel the effects of fatigue, hunger, wet, and cold. I grew terribly nervous! I wept, and prayed, and cursed by turns. My companion too—how I grew to hate him, and at last to look upon him as a sentient and intelligent demon, who, by some horrible *diablerie*, had drawn me into a living grave with him—and then I thought of how, when the old tree should have crumbled down with time, *two* skeletons would be found there, and only one suit of clothes; and how people would wonder; what they would say about me, should the truth become known; and whether they would pity me or not. Perhaps they would burn the field over, and we should both be burned up, 'burned up with fire;' and I repeated it over and over again, 'burned up with fire.' Then I thought how cold and hungry I was, and what my mother would say, could she know my situation; and I grew childish, and wept with

the same passionate grief as when a child. Toward the close of the day I had fretted myself into a quarrel with the dead man, and curling down within reach, I struck him with my fist, and stamped upon him.

When night came, I was glad. I was so cold and benumbed that I felt no longer the gnawings of hunger, and from sheer exhaustion my nerves had grown quiet. For the first time I wished to sleep. I fixed myself as easily as possible, and repeating the old nursery lines,

‘Now I lay me down to sleep,’

I dropped off into a quiet slumber. I had slept some hours when I woke suddenly at the sound of a foot-fall. In a moment the whole truth flashed over me. The boys had returned in search of me, and, without waiting to ascertain the facts, I called out, ‘Here I am! Here I am! Come and pull me out!’ A moment more, and after a word of explanation, a strong arm grasped me, and I was drawn out to the living world again.

Few words were spoken then, but half an hour later, seated once more in the wagon beside old H——, well wrapped up in a buffalo-robe, my pleasant companion of that long, weary day beneath our feet, my hunger satisfied by sundry dough-nuts and cold sausages, and my nerves set right by a pull at the brandy-bottle, so long and uninterrupted that Seth inquired if I had ever been a pearl-diver, I listened to their explanations of the impossibility of any earlier relief to me, and of the anxiety they had suffered during the day, lest I had been captured.

I slept soundly *that* night, but for many nights thereafter, horrid dreams of ghouls and vampires; of going down and down through Simms’ Hole with a dead man’s arms locked around my neck, haunted my pillow, and destroyed my rest.

Reader, do you wonder that an adventure like this should be graven with a deeper pencil on my memory than any or all of the scenes of battle, tempest, and wreck I have since encountered?

AN ANACREONTIC.

Love came to me the other day,
His wings down drooping by his side;
Sad was his face, till now so gay;
Gone was his joy and look of pride;
His bright eye spoke no mirthful trick;
In truth, the little lad looked sick.

‘Ha! ha! young boy; I know some dame
Hath robbed thee of all thy treasured flame:
Is it not so?’ I laughing said;
He sadly shook his curly head.
‘Why, then the maid that all men wheedles
Hath pricked thee sick with damnd needles.’
‘Not that,’ ‘Not that? Then some sweet wench
Hath made thee sit and study French.’
Not that,’ he cried, while his cheeks grew
! ale as a ghost’s, and paler too:
Not that: a man — a crime far blacker —
Forced me to chew some damned tobacco.’

G. H.

S T A N Z A S .

BY CHARLES IELAND PORTER.

I.

THERE are longings warm and thrilling,
 Moving on without control,
 Springing deep, and ever welling
 From the fountains of the soul;
 Moving onward strong and steady,
 Barriers spurning that have bound them;
 Never resting, ever ready,
 Dashing down the rocks around them.

II.

Daring as the Arab steed
 Speeding o'er the waste of sand,
 Tossing proud his reinless head,
 Thus they move without command;
 Curb and check them if you will,
 Holding tense the stiffened rein —
 They are there, and bounding still,
 Ever will away again.

III.

There are longings in the glimmer
 Of the twilight coming on,
 As the rainbow-tinted shimmer
 Fondly mourns the dying sun;
 While the maiden in the window,
 Pensive, leans upon the sill,
 Watching with a restless yearning
 Weary shadows climb the hill.

IV.

There are longings on the sea,
 When the deck the sailor treads:
 Stars and compass watcheth he
 As he guards oblivious beds.
 One of ocean's bravest sons,
 Yet that noble heart now weeping
 Thinks of distant little ones,
 And his wife all calmly sleeping

V.

There are longings — oh! what longings! —
 When the wanderer for years
 Climbs the hill where in the distance
 His awaiting home appears:

E'en the chimney-smoke ascending
Quickens pulses in his heart,
While the noble elms o'erbending
Beckon him where dwells no art.

VI.

There are longings at deep midnight,
When no step nor sound is near,
As upon the restless pillow
Frequent drops the scalding tear;
When the quivering, half-checked sigh
Tells its tale to silent halls,
And the rent heart mournfully
Sinks beneath its bosom walls.

VII.

There are longings when the clank
Of the chain in dungeon deep
Echoes to the ceiling dank
O'er the couch where dwells no sleep:
HEAVEN hears that prisoner's groan,
And the all-avenging Eye
Looks upon the oppressor's throne
Who would from his fury fly.

VIII.

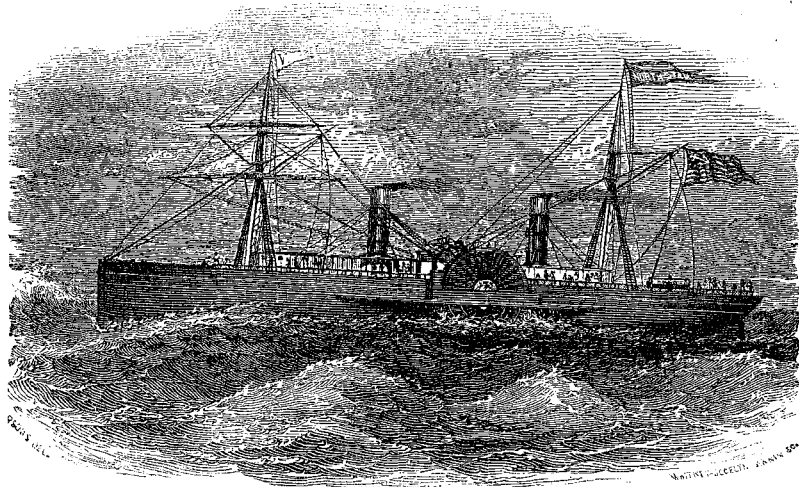
There are longings in the city;
There are longings in the wood;
Tender yearnings, anxious longings
For the beautiful and good;
As the rapt soul forward reaches,
Spurning scenes of earth and time,
And amid the stars forth wanders,
Holding converse with sublime.

IX.

There are longings when the Christian
Suffers 'neath the tempter's rod —
Pantings for the living waters
In the city of his God;
All his fond desires are bounded
By that city's golden walls,
By blest spirits all surrounded,
Waiting till the MASTER calls.

X.

Man is striving, longing ever,
Longing for he knows not what,
While his every soul's endeavor
Is for something he has not:
Closely guard those tender yearnings
Rising from the heart's deep flood;
Ever cherish higher longings
For the beautiful and good.



THE STEAM-YACHT 'NORTH STAR.'

THE above engraving is a faithful representation of the Steam-Yacht 'North Star,' which recently left this port for a cruise of pleasure in European waters. The magnitude of the enterprise, the liberality of all its accessories, and the interest felt in it by the public, have induced us to collate from the daily journals an account of the vessel, and to add to that a sketch, known to be authentic, of the career of the owner of the 'North Star,' CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Esq. We begin with a description of the Yacht, communicated to '*The Tribune*' daily journal :

'THE 'NORTH STAR' was built expressly for this pleasure-excursion by Mr. SIMONSON, under the immediate supervision of Mr. VANDERBILT. She is two hundred and sixty feet on the keel; two hundred and seventy feet on the spar-deck; thirty-eight breadth of beam; thirteen feet from floor-timber to lower-deck beams; seven feet eight inches between decks; seven feet six inches between main and spar-decks; making her whole depth twenty-eight feet six inches. Her keel, of white oak, is fifteen inches sided by fourteen inches wide, stem and stern-posts of the same material, with double aprons, and inner posts of live oak, bolted through with one and three-eighth copper bolts; deadwoods of white oak, and thirteen inches through, fastened with one and a half inch copper bolts, in the most substantial manner. The floor-timbers are sided twelve inches and moulded thirteen inches, being placed close together, and bolted through sideways with one and a half inch bolts. The main keelsons, of which there are five rows extending the entire length of the ship, are of white oak, sided fifteen inches by thirty-two inches deep, the first tier being fastened with two copper bolts, one and a half inches in diameter, through every floor-timber, the upper tiers secured to the lower one with large iron bolts. The bed upon which the engine rests is composed of four rows of keelsons, two feet two inches by five feet deep, secured by iron screw-bolts driven from the bottom before the vessel was planked. The outside planking of white oak, three and a half inches thick, increasing to five inches, is secured with copper bolts and locust treenails, there being thirty-two thousand of the latter driven through and wedged upon both sides. There are six bilge-streaks on the inside of the ship, covering the floor-heads and futtocks 12 x 14 inches, fastened to the timbers with iron bolts, and bolted edgelays between every frame. The ceiling is of six-inch yellow pine, and bolted in the same manner as the bilge-streak, forming one substantial mass of timber fourteen feet in depth. The lower deck-clamps, on which the beams rest, are seven inches thick, thoroughly fastened with iron bolts driven from the outside, and riveted

on the inside. There are forty-five deck-beams in the lower deck, with carlines between, sided fifteen inches and moulded fourteen inches, with lodging and bosom-knees of white oak, and a large hanging-knee on each end. The water-ways on the top of the lower deck are composed of three pieces extending the whole length of the ship, thoroughly bolted, making this deck sufficiently strong to stand any reasonable strain. The clamps to support the main deck are of yellow pine, six inches thick and fourteen inches wide, of two widths. This deck is securely kneeed in the same manner as the lower one. The stanchions, which extend from the floor-timbers to the lower deck-beams, have a large bolt passing through them, and are continued on to the upper decks, thus connecting the deck with the bottom of the ship. The lower and main deck-plank are of white pine, three by five inches, the upper or spar-deck extending the entire length of the ship. Her machinery is from the Allaire Works. She is propelled by two lever-beam engines: cylinders, sixty inches; length of stroke, ten feet; diameter of wheels, thirty-four feet. Her boilers, of which she has four, are twenty-four feet long, ten feet diameter, eleven and a half feet front, eleven feet high, with single return flues.

The main saloon is splendidly fitted up with all that can tend to gratify the eye and minister to luxurious ease. The state-rooms which lead from it, on either side, are fitted up in the first style of the upholsterer's art. The furniture throughout blends in one harmonious whole; there are none of those glaring contrasts which are too often met with, and offend the eye and taste by their incongruities. This saloon is of beautiful satin-wood, with just sufficient rose-wood to relieve it, the work of which was executed by Mr. CHARLES SIMONSON.

The cabinet-furniture and upholstery were furnished from the extensive establishment of Messrs. J. and J. W. MEEKS. The furniture of the main saloon is of rose-wood, carved in the rich and splendid style of Louis XV., covered with a new and elegant material of figured velvet plush, with a green ground, filled with bouquets of flowers. It consists of two sofas, cost three hundred and fifty dollars each; four couches, three hundred dollars each; six arm-chairs, fifty dollars each. Connected with this saloon are ten state-rooms, superbly fitted up, each with a French *armoire le gles*, beautifully enamelled in white, with a large glass-door, size of plate 40 x 64, cost one hundred dollars each. The berths are furnished with elegant silk lambricans and lace curtains. Each room is fitted up with a different color, viz.: green and gold, crimson and gold, orange, etc.

The toilet-furniture matches with the hangings and fittings up by being of the same color, and presents a picture of completeness not often met with, reflecting credit on the parties to whom the arrangements were intrusted.

The saloon and state-rooms are kept at a pleasant temperature by one of VAN HORN'S steam-heaters, which occupies the centre of the cabin. It is a beautiful specimen of trellis-work, and the effect is heightened by its rich burnished gilding. The portable chairs are Tewksberry's Marine Life Seat; in shape not unlike an hour-glass, the top, bottom, and braces of wood, and an air-tight tin chamber. It is capable of supporting two persons on the water with ease.

Forward of the grand saloon is a magnificent dining-saloon. This jasper dining-saloon is fitted up in a style entirely new to sea-going vessels. The walls are covered with a preparation of ligneous marble, which is spread on to the depth of one fourth of an inch, and when dry, polished to a degree of mirror-like brightness that marble is incapable of receiving. The panels are of Naples granite, the style of Breschia jasper, and the surbase of yellow Pyrenees marble.

The ceiling of the room is painted white, with scroll-work of purple, light-green and gold, surrounding medallion paintings of WEBSTER, CLAY, WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, and others, together with various emblematic conceptions.

All the table-furniture is of the most gorgeous description. The china is of ruby and gold finish; and the silver-ware is of the finest kind.

The entire interior-furnishing has been done with the single idea of producing the very best effect possible, and every article shows elaborate design and workmanship, which reflects much credit upon American taste and skill.

The construction, equipment, and sailing of this fine craft, and the energy and spirit which so eminently distinguish its owner, have suggested to our minds some thoughts in relation to the American character as exemplified in his own personal history from his youth up to the present time. And what a lesson it is to the young! proving, so incontestably as it does, that industry, perseverance, energy, and an indomitable will, in connection with stern integrity, will be rewarded in this happy country by triumphant success.

Our readers will be as surprised as we ourselves were, at the vast

extent of Mr. VANDERBILT's wealth, not less than at the 'day of small things' in which he began his career.

Until the age of sixteen, Mr. VANDERBILT was brought up on a small farm on Staten-Island, owned and cultivated by his father. Arrived at this age, however, he found himself with a growing desire to make his livelihood by following the sea. He therefore left the farm, and commenced running a small sail-boat between Staten-Island and New-York, which was owned by his father. After the age of nineteen he commenced life 'on his own account,' following the same business for the space of two years.

This brought him to the beginning of 1817, when his business life began with an activity and increased with an energy seldom equalled and more rarely surpassed. He now took charge of a small steamer running between New-York and Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, belonging to THOMAS GIBBONS. In 1818, he attended to the building of the steamer '*Bellona*,' and was her captain for five years. In 1820, he built the steamer '*Caroline*,' which, it will be remembered, in the troubles on the Canadian borders, in the commencement of the 'Patriot' movement, was 'cut out' at night at Schlosser, on the Niagara river, and sent, wrapt in flames, over the Great Cataract. This was the first steamer which Captain Vanderbilt built on his own account.

In 1821, he built the '*Fanny*;' in 1822, the '*Thistle*' and the '*Emerald*;' in 1824, the '*Swan*;' in 1826, the '*Citizen*;' in 1827-8, the '*Cinderella*,' the '*Clifton*,' the '*Union*,' the '*Champion*,' the '*Nimrod*,' the '*Livingston*,' the '*Cleopatra*,' the '*Sound Champion*,' the '*North-Carolina*,' the '*Governor Dudley*,' the '*Vanderbilt*,' the '*Gladiator*.' These last four steamers he built for a company, for the purpose of running between Washington and Charleston, forming the regular mail-line.

Then Captain Vanderbilt built the '*Sylph*,' the '*Augusta*,' the '*Emerald*,' the '*Red-Jacket*,' the '*Huguenot*,' the '*Hannah Burt*,' and '*Eastern*'—all fine boats—the '*C. Vanderbilt*' and '*Commodore*,' which formed the great Boston line by the way of Stonington and the Rail-Road. Captain Vanderbilt next built and placed on the route across the Isthmus, *eight steamers* for the Transportation Company, and the fine steamers that run between Havana and Matanzas. He also purchased, refitted, and ran the '*New-Haven*,' the '*Huntress*,' the '*Water-Witch*,' and the '*Worcester*.' His next 'American Productions' in this kind were the steam-ships, the '*Prometheus*,' the '*Daniel Webster*,' the '*Star of the West*,' the '*Northern Light*,' and the '*North Star*.'

Nor are the vessels here enumerated all that have been built by Captain VANDERBILT: there are several others whose names we cannot now recal.

Now we should be glad to have this hasty sketch of a poor American farmer's boy's early career and after advancement—this potent lesson of what industry, energy, enterprise, and integrity, can accomplish in a country of free institutions and free American republicans—we should be glad to have it seen and felt in the various quarters of Europe where the steamer '*North Star*' shall unfurl the flag of our country.

'Mr. VANDERBILT has been, as we have seen, entirely the architect of his own fortunes. Amassing immense wealth, he has, at the same time, made the fortunes of thousands of others. He is now a large proprietor of manufacturing and engine-building estab-

lishments. He probably gives employment to more hands than any other one man in America. He is always liberal toward the poor and needy. He inherited nothing, except business talents of the highest order, and a persevering, bold, and independent spirit, that overcame every obstacle. Cool and sagacious, never seeming in a hurry, he will accomplish more business in the same time than almost any man that appears 'on 'Change.' From being a deck-hand on a schooner, he has risen in wealth, the possessor of millions, and now owns steamers that would be sufficient to blockade nearly every port in Europe. He has accomplished every thing for himself, without the patronage of Government or the protection of charters. His ability is equalled by his modesty; quiet and unassuming, never acting a part to make himself conspicuous.'

With the exception of a chaplain and a family-physician, with their wives, the passengers in the '*North Star*' are all members of the family of Captain VANDERBILT.

'THE Commodore (as Captain VANDERBILT is familiarly called) expects to land first at Southampton, and, after a short stop, go round to London, where he will remain a considerable time, enjoying the sights and hospitalities of the Great Metropolis. Thence he will go up the Baltic, perhaps to see JENNY LIND, if she should be at Stockholm, and thence up the Neva, where he will be entertained at St. Petersburg by the Emperor NICHOLAS, who will, beyond doubt, manifest great interest in the ship, if not in the Yankees, and will very likely send an order to some of our builders for one for his own use. Bidding adieu to the Czar, the '*North Star*' will return to the Atlantic, try her strength with the billows of Biscay, and come to anchor off Gibraltar. Thence they proceed to the classic shores of the Mediterranean, stopping at Naples, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, Alexandria, and perhaps several other ports. Sufficient stay will be made at each place to see the most worthy objects in the neighborhood, and give and receive the hospitalities incident to the occasion. Every thing pertaining to the excursion will be done upon the most liberal and magnificent scale. The cost has been roughly estimated at half a million of dollars, which is all borne by the Commodore.'

Honor, say we, in conclusion, to the man who can inculcate so glorious a lesson as has Captain VANDERBILT; and long may he remain among us to enjoy the princely fortune which his own intellect and his own hands have won!

O U R C A R R I E .

BY L. J. BATES.

The fairest village of the West,
Beside a river sleeping,
Enshrined within its peaceful breast,
Earth's sweetest rose is keeping;
Before her bend the forest-flowers
As fays before a fairy;
And stately pines within their bowers
Would gladly shelter CARRIE.

Like crystal fount the soul she bore
From marble basin welling;
And all things evil fly before
The sun-shine of her dwelling.
Her heart is as the summer skies
On some soft summer even;
And, like the stars, her radiant eyes
Inspire sweet thoughts of heaven.

Her voice is like the song of birds,
Of more than mortal sweetness,
For love and pity lend her words
Their musical completeness;
And wheresoe'er her foot-steps stray,
They bring such sweet beguiling,
Even Sorrow half resigns her sway,
And smiles to see her smiling.

So kind, so gentle, and so pure,
Sure seraphs guard her dreaming,
For nothing earthly might endure
Life's ills so lightly deeming.
No stain upon her soul of sin—
A child, and yet a woman—
Who wins our CARRIE'S love will win
An angel who is human.

BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS, JULY, 1798.

BY ISAAC MCLELLAN.

‘WITH matchless intrepidity, the Mamelukes rode round the French squares, striving to find an entrance; but an incessant fire from every front mowed them down as fast as they poured in at the opening. Furious at the unexpected resistance, they dashed their horses against the rampart of bayonets, and threw their pistols at the heads of the grenadiers, while many who had lost their steeds crept along the ground, and cut at the legs of the front rank with their scimitars. At length the survivors fled toward the camp from whence they had issued.’

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.

FAR in the desert's waste of sands,
 With lagging step and weary frame,
 Toil on NAPOLEON'S hardy bands,
 Forgetful of their ancient fame.
 Fainting and sick, still on they toil
 With burning footstep o'er the soil:
 The yellow sands like ashes spread,
 And scorch the legions as they tread;
 A brassy heaven above them glows,
 Nor blessed breeze delicious blows.

The dragoon fain would cast away
 His heavy helmet plumed and gay;
 The grenadier would gladly throw
 The bear-skin shako from his brow;
 Scarce may the tirailleur sustain
 His musket o'er that burning plain.
 The plumed troop, the clang of arms,
 For them have lost their glorious charms:
 The trumpet's blast, the war-drum's roll
 Awakes no ardor in their soul;
 For in this distant, hopeless waste,
 No joys delirious they may taste.

Far-gazing o'er the waste of sand,
 Their thoughts return to native land:
 The fair green hills of France again
 Smile sweetly, and each grassy plain;
 And vineyards where the luscious grape
 The valleys with their garlands drape:
 They fain would seek their olive shade,
 And dance at eve with sportive maid,
 Where the blithe story and the song
 The festive moon-light hours prolong;
 And bathe in many a crystal stream
 That twinkles in the shining beam;
 Deep in the gelid fountain dip,
 And bathe the brow, and cool the lip.

Still on they press: a fairer scene
 Smiles round them lovely and serene:
 Beside the waters of the Nile
 Their columns in long march defile:

Their fainting hearts new life have caught
From the cool stream's delicious draught.
The palm-tree spreads its grateful gloom
Above them in perennial bloom;
The green-leaved sycamore imparts
A soothing vigor to their hearts;
And onward, when the trumpets sound,
The charging columns sweep the ground.

Their squares are formed in triple rows;
Their ranks a line of steel oppose:
While in their centre, calm and grand,
Their mighty leader takes his stand,
His eagles o'er him, and the fold
Of his broad banner fringed with gold.
He points to each vast pyramid,
Whose summit in the clouds is hid,
And tells that from each airy crown
Unnumbered centuries look down,
To view from that mysterious height
The valiant Frenchman rage in fight!

Foes swarmed around! The Bedouin steed
From the far desert came at speed;
The swarthy Arab shook his spear,
And lashed his barb to full career;
He left his palm-grove, and the well
Where tinkles sweet his camel's bell;
His tawny imps and dusky maid
Long sighing in the date-tree's shade,
His lowly tent and browsing flock,
To mingle in the conflict's shock.

But proudest there, with shining arms,
Renowned, and prompt at war's alarms;
With brodered robe and silken vest,
And flaming jewel in his crest;
With burnished blade and scabbard gay,
The spoil of many a robber-fray,
Lashing his courser's reeking sides,
The far-famed Janissary rides;
And MOURAD BEY, to dare the brunt
Of battle, gallops in their front.

On like the simoom! On they wheel,
An avalanche of horse and steel!
Against the fatal squares they dash;
Their blades against the bayonets clash;
The keen-edged scimitar like light
Shivers against the sabre's might!
In headlong plunge, they strive in vain
To hew through those stern squares a lane;
Until, with empty saddles, fleet
Their barbs fly bleeding in retreat!

The war is o'er! the Frenchman's band
Long since hath vanished from the land;
And by the peaceful banks of Nile
The palm-trees bloom and harvests smile;
And Arab peasants drive the wain
Across the battle's famous plain:

The camel crops the grass that waves
Above the fiery Mamelukes' graves;
And high above the lonely plain
The pyramid resumes its reign.

Boston, May, 1853.

A N E A S T E R N ' F A L K L A N D . '

ONE of the most striking features of the Ottoman government, is the possibility which the lowest member of society has, under it, of attaining its highest dignities, be his color or profession what it may. Even slaves are emancipated to receive high and honorable offices, and the present brothers-in-law of the Sultan are examples of the kind.

The Sultan and his principal officers are attended by pages (called *agás*) of different grades, according to the rank of the employer. They are sometimes purchased and held as slaves, though more frequently they are young men of good families who are placed near the Effendis by their parents. They receive small, or no stated salaries, and trust to the gifts of visitors, presents from their master, and opportunities which he gives them of gain, for emolument. It is a high honor to be page to a Pacha, and one much sought after. He who obtains the situation is in a road to promotion; may learn much of the manner of rising in life; and though his pecuniary gains be at first small, the Pacha eventually provides for him; for if the individual has talents, or is faithful to his master's interests, the latter seldom fails finally to place him either in his own or some other branch of the public service.

If the master is gentle in mind and manners, the page, from the necessity of studying his disposition, generally assumes it himself. Pages are not numerous; and as they always accompany their Effendi on his visits to his compeers, they sometimes become known to them; and should their master be sent to a distant pachalik, where the page's services are not needed, or meet with a sudden reverse of fortune—such being of frequent occurrence under the Ottoman government—the page may readily find an employment near some of his master's friends. Thus they are wholly dependent upon his generosity of character for happiness; once found unfaithful, they are not only dismissed from his service, but by his influence may be prevented from obtaining any other.

Some years ago, an extraordinary occurrence took place in Constantinople, which caused some talk at the time, as the parties were well known. By inquiry, the writer obtained the following information, which he has embodied in a biographical sketch, as if written by the unfortunate page whilst in prison; who, notwithstanding the care taken of his education, was full of high and exalted, though erroneous feeling; and his was

'A BRIGHT but troubled soul,
Where sensibility still wildly played,
Like lightning round the ruins it had made.'

The sketch ran thus:

'It was near the noble mosque of Sultan Ahmed, on a spot commanding

views of the Sea of Marmora on the one hand, and the Golden Horn and Bosphorus on the other, that I was born. The mosques of Sultan Ahmed and Saint Sophia reared their high domes and tapering minarets on either side of it; the 'Imperial Gate' was only hidden from it by the latter, whilst the towers of the palaces of our Sultans rose up almost beside our humble dwelling. Our house was like all the better ones of Stamboul: two stories high, of frame, colored red, with a white facing, and surrounded by a small though well-cultivated garden. A high wall surrounded the premises, to prevent the gaze of our neighbors being directed towards the females at my father's harem during their occupancy of the garden, or at any other time when their veils might be laid aside. So lasting is the attachment we entertain for home, the scene of our earliest years, that though many have elapsed since I adopted another, and time and the many and diverse scenes through which I have passed would, it might be supposed, have effaced from, or at least weakened in my mind its affection for so humble a spot, I still cannot wander to it for a moment in thought, or gaze upon its now crumbling threshold, without melting into tears. The home which descends to us from father to son is more our 'country' than the domain which surrounds it; we may have no claim to the latter, whilst the former is indeed the 'place of our birth;' and when we lose it, the chain which bound us loses a link; the heart wanders in search of some new object, such being necessary to its happiness: and if not found, its affections become blighted, and what might have been fair and beautiful in the character, too often assumes the darkest hue.

'If the want of a home places us so much at the mercy of the world, its changes, and its vicissitudes, how few also are the ties to life when we are deprived of 'our family!' Even when we have forfeited every claim to its regard, and are cast out upon the sea of life as a wrecked vessel on the ocean, it is still the *kibleh* towards which our hopes are directed. I now seek to concentrate my feelings within their most limited bounds, and to recall to my mind — now in the attitude of sorrow and repentance — '*my home*,' and the characters of the much-loved members of *my* family.

'My father's name was Ahmed. I have heard him frequently speak of the Beys of Caramania as his ancestors; and there was in our family a curved sword, beautifully damaskined, bearing an Arabic inscription and motto, with the name of a Caramanian prince, said to have been given to my grandfather by one of the Sultans.

'I will dwell a moment on the subject of my father. It was impossible for me to differ with him in opinion, so confident was I in his judgment, and so much did I respect him; his deliberations were not unalterable, but so lofty and chaste, and so noble, that I feared and loved him at the same time; his instructions were given in a manner so mild, and his corrections for the errors and foibles of my young and hasty mind so gentle, so free from passion, that I would insensibly linger in his presence, and never leave it without pressing his parental hand to my lips. Had I but trod in his footsteps, and not wandered from the precepts which he inculcated, nor grieved away the influence which he possessed over my mind, I had never sinned so deeply against the laws of my Prophet. Like those of the sacred volume, when the precepts of

our parents, from renewed rejection, lose their power on the mind, the structure of our morality is shaken to its basis: mine, alas! was wholly removed, and in one fearful moment crumbled to the ground.

'My mother possessed a character equally admirable with that of my father. Her precepts were the earliest which I received, and made the strongest and most lasting impressions, and now are recalled with the saddest associations. There are some ideas too lofty for even matured minds; there are many to the youthful and inexperienced. In my early youth, hers were too great for my intellect, and it was only in after-years that I could appreciate their value. Unlike most mothers in the East, she did not look upon her children as mere ties to bind her husband's affection to her; for how often has her own comfort and pleasure been sacrificed to gratify my boyish whims — though her sense of propriety never; and in such acts as these, she showed the affection which she entertained for her offspring. Were I to mention all her goodness of heart, or occurrences evincing the correctness of her judgment, they would never end; and yet I remember a thousand acts of petty ingratitude on my part towards her, and her as frequent forgiveness. How often, in moments of distress, does the remembrance of a mother's love come gushing up fresh in the mind of her son, whilst that of a father is forgotten. Regret for past error is more powerful than contemplated future atonement, and also more lasting. We weep over the past with an anguish which a prospect of the future can never produce.

'I have a sister, and I had a brother. The first is older than myself, and our brother was the youngest of the family. Her name is Ayesha, from one of the wives of our revered Prophet.

'From having been my constant companion, I am more acquainted with her disposition than with that of any other member of the family. Though her junior, yet, from being a female, she ever looked up to me with respect and deference. At an early age we were sent to school together: while young, she acquired an attachment for poetry; whilst I, insensibly, one for metaphysics. Our books were dogmatical, containing many of the mysteries of our holy religion, and I fear that on these my mind was permitted too much to repose; and thus, from being limited to one object or subject of contemplation, it became weakened. What is more spacious and comprehensive than the mind; what more incomprehensible? It requires scope, though guidance, to its wanderings; for they are too frequently in darkness. My sister commanded the range of hers, and when it ran among hills and meadows, directed it to where the former had no dangerous precipices, and the latter were strewn with flowers. There are some qualities which, notwithstanding all the changes of life, remain untarnished; a strain superior to the common poetry of life, which exalts the mind above the vicissitudes to which life is subject. There are feelings unfit for every-day service, yet their familiar attendance should be courted, so that in moments of need they may not be separated from you. They come up sometimes like the unaccountable gushing of a fountain, throwing a retrospective glance over the past, and serving as a 'mirror of the mind.'

'My sister profited by these, and erected upon her natural disposition a structure of mind which became peculiarly her own. At the same

time, she remarked the tendency of mine to erroneous determinations, and counselled me to watch over and guard it, lest it should take one which would be irremediable. Such is youth, that I heeded not her words; for I could not conceive their full import, nor understand the components of my own mind. There is a trait in every character like the spark within the flint, latent until brought forth by some peculiar inconstance or contact. It is seldom known to the possessor, yet generally proves to be the ruling passion of his existence. It was mine to be impetuous; to feel no restraint; to imagine that nothing which is grand and lofty could be wrong; and in this, with the mirror *now* before my eyes, I perceive my fatal delusion.

Our brother was named Hussein; he died whilst I was still very young; yet I still remember his chubby form, full ruddy face, blue eyes, fair hair, and infantile affection. He is now among the blessed and happy, whilst the sunshine of my joys is dimmed for ever, and HEAVEN seems to scowl darkly upon me. When he for whom my brother was named was cruelly struck by one of the soldiers of Shamar upon the mouth, previous to being murdered in the desire to exterminate the family of the Calif Ali, an old man exclaimed, 'Alas! alas! how often have I seen the lips of the blessed Prophet pressed upon those which you now condemn!' How often have I pressed those lips of my poor little brother to mine, which have long since crumbled to dust in the grave!

I remember my little brother's decease. It was in the first opening of spring that he departed. The almond-trees on the Bosphorus were just putting forth their buds; the meadows of *Kiatkhanek* and *Geuk-Soo* were strewn with green leaves and fragrant flowers; the joyous and cheering sun was shedding vernal beams upon the face of nature; and the little birds were tuning their soft voices in the green vales, when my young and sweet and tender brother was hurried to his untimely grave. The ever-green cypress now mourns over his quiet tomb, in the great cemetery of Scutari, where repose millions of our race; wild flowers spring up round his silent abode; odors, as if breathed from Eden, scent its sod; and if a bright sun pierce through the lofty boughs which surround it, it is only to entice little warblers to continue their melancholy dirge over his dear dust. How bitter it is to have to die in one's youth—to be snatched away just as the spring season of the mind has begun to bud! But I must forsake such reminiscences. Memory, avaunt!

I have mentioned each member of our family separately, and will now continue to speak of myself and them as a family. At the age of sixteen, I left my father's dwelling to serve in the household of the Z. E. who, as usual, promised to take care of my fortunes, allow me opportunities of pecuniary interest, and to promote me as occasion should offer. A few days after my admission, I was considered a member of his family; and, perhaps in consequence of my youth, was permitted without restraint to visit the more sacred parts of his *konak*. There is a fatality attending a single moment of a man's life, developing what is good or bad in his character, and the former is of more frequent occurrence than the latter. Yet so unchangeable is man's character, that it is supposed to be traced at his birth on the brow. In consequence of this, it is of common occurrence to infirm minds, that a simple and apparently moment-

any change of feeling should lead them down to ruin. The fatality of a moment governs the happiness of the future — of too many the misery — yet who can govern it? She for whom I am now a fettered assassin, trembling on the brink of existence, was seen but once, to enthrall all my affections, and occupy and lead my mind as if some ethereal being. I knew that even to entertain an attachment other than of respectful devotion to her service, was a fault which merited the severest chastisement of my master; but in the commencement, the strength of my passion drove away every feeling of rectitude, and afterwards, when she was persecuted by him on account of my fatal passion for her, a sense of honor — on my part sincere, because it aspired not to the commendation of the world, but to that of her heart alone — increased my love.

‘I would here state that my master, the Z. E., had long been in office, and was esteemed by our Sultan for his talents and energy. On the workings of the former I have often deeply reflected, yet now fear without having ever understood them. You have doubtless heard of him as one worthy of every respect and affection, so little are the true and private characters of official men known to the public, which is interested only in their public acts. As a distinguished favor, my father obtained permission to place me near him; and from this moment commenced the most eventful part of my life. Under his protection I gave scope to the ideal dreams of worldly happiness which I had already loved to cherish; those youthful reveries unchastened by a knowledge of the world, and which, from the lasting impressions they make upon the mind, are of such importance, and therefore need careful guidance. They then afforded me the greatest pleasure, but so treacherous have they proven, that now they are the source of all my sorrows.

‘I will now speak of my master, with an endeavor to delineate his character such as it has appeared to me. Perhaps my observations may have been erroneous, and when I point out what to my mind seemed errors, to yours they may appear only as the workings of a lofty and unbending spirit.

‘He had formerly been in the military service of the Sultan, and acquired some celebrity in campaigns against Russia. I know but little of his early life, and nothing of his parentage farther than that the latter was of the middle class; and therefore, from owing nothing to it, he was a self-made man. He was early promoted to a superior grade, and knew but little of the heart-burnings of a subordinate. His personal bravery none ever doubted, and his talents had been severally drawn forth by the charges confided to him by the Sultan. With regard to his personal appearance, a smile generally played upon his countenance; and except a shade which occasionally came over it when a prey to passion, it remained unchangeable. He was thought deep and calculating, yet his simplicity often entrapped others in the snare which their ingenuity had set for him. His smile was deceptive, and often concealed the harsh feelings and intentions which lurked beneath it. Yet he was not a hypocrite, for he loved whatever was open, frank, and candid, and it was only when urged, as he thought, by necessity, that he would descend to dissimulation. His passions often led him to commit the most degrading excesses, and yet he never seemed to reflect and reform after a

fit of anger had passed over, and which had reduced him to a par almost with a maniac. There seemed to be a limit to his better qualities, but none to his anger and revenge; his friendship was guarded and courteous; his hatred often expended itself upon unworthy objects, and without any restraint. When actuated by the former feeling, it was easy to work upon his credulity; when unfortunately laboring under the latter, nothing but time and entire submission to his will could restore any one to his confidence. It seems natural for pity to succeed revenge and resentment, for the mind soon gluts with misery of its own causing, as it also satiates with enjoyed possession; and when it thus relents, and its fury is spent, ordinarily confers a benefit upon the devoted object of its rage. It was not so, however, with him.

'Another of the peculiar traits of his character was a feeling of regret for the past, which he endeavored to conceal even from himself.

'We easily reconcile our minds to whatever we wish others should consider as correct, and by this self-conviction we deceive ourselves. Again: when, in his own mind, my master perceived and recognized his error, it was a maxim of his life never to acknowledge it to others, lest by so doing they should disrespect his judgment. I would add, that to me and those about his person, he was a kind and protecting master, and though without any endeavor to correct his own wayward passions, he took care to keep alive in others those of virtuous and manly ambition. To differ with him in opinion was an unpardonable crime; and though he might adopt and act upon the suggestions of others, it was without any acknowledgment of his own incapacity, or approval of the adviser, who, perhaps, at a later hour, would be punished for his temerity. He was liberal even to imprudence, but never lavished money in any improper manner. When he took a part, his thoughts and intentions were clear and distinct, for already had he looked upon either side of the question, ere forming any determination. I have, alas! found to my utter desolation that he then pursued his intention until a successful conclusion left nothing more to be done.

'Whilst you fancied his confidence was reposed in you, he was nevertheless at work to penetrate your mind, and detect, *not* your errors, but a flaw in your judgment, which he then hastened to point out to you, always in such a manner as would bring forward for your companion his own superior wisdom. His principle was to play off one friend or one servant against another, by exciting their jealousy; and when the fault was not grave, when necessity compelled him to do so, to restore a discarded and neglected friend or servant, apparently, to his confidence and good-will. His reading was extensive, and his intercourse with mankind of high and low degree very great. He was a 'republican' in profession and public life, though an 'absolutist' in his own family. He had a strong mind by nature, but its superiority had been acquired, not inherited from his parents, nor could it be transmitted to his offspring, though indeed many of them were equally remarkable for their mental capacity, which, however, they neglected to cultivate. His parentage might be questioned, but he was tenacious of his rank and standing in the world, and often assumed a bearing—a haughty superiority—over those from among whom he had sprung, as it were, but yesterday.

'I was fond of being near him, dazzled by the public report of the favors conferred upon him by the Sultan. I soon formed an attachment for him, which he was not long in perceiving. In a few months I became acquainted with every branch of my duties; assisted the seal-bearer when needed; handed his coffee and pipe; sometimes copied his reports, carried them to the Porte, or attended on him when there. It is scarcely necessary that I should dwell farther upon the nature of his affairs — those which he at times confided to me; the journeys I undertook in the distant pachaliks of the empire for him; or the intrigues of the court, by which he only fell to rise the higher, through the superiority of his talents. Enough has been said to acquaint you with those traits of his character which I loved or feared, and to show how dangerous was he as an enemy, how precarious as a friend. His form and voice are now only recalled to my mind with anguish. Why was the deed which I have committed predestined? What link is it in the chain of occurrences which my CREATOR determined before the world was? It is now my only consolation to know that I am but the passive agent in His hands; that destiny could not be thwarted; and yet my religious education teaches me that, being thus, I must be sacrificed eternally to fate. But death will soon release me from myself, and ignorance of the future is bliss.

'After this short sketch, I will hasten, my friend, to close my short but eventful history.

'My master's third wife, to whom I have already made allusion, was a Circassian whom he had purchased, and whom, after having given birth to a child, he freed and married. She was but fresh from her wild native soil, and only fourteen years of age when she became his slave. Stolen from her parents and home at the age of eight years, she had been the property of several dealers in slaves, each of whom endeavored to add to her value by having her taught new accomplishments, such as dancing, singing, music, and to attend upon the great. The two first *Cadeus* of my master had been the wives of his youth, and it was more in anger than love that he determined to purchase another who should ostensibly supersede them in his affections. The profusion of riches with which he surrounded her, at first led her to feel affection for him as their source; but, as she told me, his age was an insurmountable barrier to all love: subsequently, when his violence alienated her regard and destroyed her peace of mind, it was natural for her affections to seek some new object, or at least to be readily engaged. A black slave who attended upon her, informed me of her mistress's unhappiness; and when I attended upon her on her excursions in the Bosphorus, my kindness for her gained her heart. She confided to me her grievances, and sympathy soon kindled into love. Poor girl! she had never had a home since being stolen from that of her parents — of her birth; and she remembered it with all the vividness, and bore for it all the affection due to a 'childhood's home.' Nature had impressed upon her a character of sensibility and intelligence, and art had not dulled the one nor weakened the other. Her heart was a tablet too ready to receive impressions, and the sorrow which she evinced for my recent persecutions has proved how difficult they were to be effaced.

'One morning my master called me to him, and without expressing his reasons, bade me leave his palace and presence for ever. Whether from a consciousness of meriting such dishonorable dismissal, or indignation felt for a false accusation, I will not say; but I left him without proffering a word in my defence. My companions in service would have thrown themselves at his feet to ask my forgiveness, but the determination visible on his brow excited in their minds feelings of hopelessness. I never saw him but once more.

'After wandering some days in the city through shame and consciousness of having caused my dismissal, I at length turned my steps to the door of my now aged parents, and was welcomed when my entrance could only bring sorrow. Through one of my master's female slaves, they had received information of my attachment for his Circassian slave wife, and how tenderly it had been returned. Knowing the character of my master, and how lasting were his enmities, they preferred interceding for my admittance into the service of some other Effendi, than for a return to his. Some weeks after my dismissal, I was received into the household of the *D. A.*, who had often spoken kindly to me when I had been in attendance on my former master. A few days only elapsed when he received a message from the *Z. E.*, requesting my dismissal, and representing me as unworthy of his protection.

'Unwilling to remain in my aged father's house, a tax upon his limited means, I sought employment in different bureaux of the government, in the several *esnaffs* or guilds of the capital, but was pursued by his relentless and merciless revenge. An indiscreet sympathy for the unhappiness of his young wife, more than a desire to wean her affections from their legal object, was my only crime. If I loved her, it was involuntary; if my affection was returned by her, it was not sought for by me, but was due to a source from which flows all that is human in the heart, and is akin to divine.

'With a heart oppressed with sorrow, more for her fate than my own, I persevered in search of a means of support. I engaged as an assistant rower to one of the *Cuikjis* of the Bosphorus, and thought that in this obscure calling I would be concealed from my late master's hatred. But this was a vain hope; my employer was ordered to dismiss me by the office from which he received a permit for his boat.

'I procured a *tabla*, or waiter of wood, such as used by the itinerant *Ekmekjis* of the capital, and retailed bread in the streets; but as I finally had to apply for a permit to follow this trade, it was also eventually denied to me.

'In the midst of my poverty and grief, I learned by accident of the sudden decease of the poor girl on whose account I was so cruelly persecuted, and was told that her master and husband had strangled her with his own hands, in the false belief that she had been unfaithful to him. Overcome with my own sorrow, this news served to increase the anguish of my heart, and reduce me to a state of desperation. Need I follow up my changes and his persecutions? need I excite your farther sympathy for my sufferings, or your abhorrence of his relentless punishment and revenge? For months I was a vagrant among my fellow-men; each time I chose a profession, however humble, or entered an employment, his influence drove me from it into misery.

‘When no longer any hope existed in my mind of employment near any member of the government of the capital, my heart revolted against itself; all the moral reflections of my life, all my theories of propriety and virtue forsook me; and, forgetful even of the sorrow which the act would entail upon the home which I loved so well, in a moment of desperation I formed a plan which *Iblis* but too ably assisted me in executing. When my master entered the mosque of Sultan Ahmet, and knelt before the presiding Imaum, my dagger entered his heart! In a moment the heinousness of my crime deadened my every faculty, and even in my own breast I was a condemned assassin. Oh! Memory, thou art indelible and undying! Tears for the past, like the genii of the departed, obscure my vision, and prevent me continuing my task.

‘ONE day later.—I have broken my aged father’s heart, and they tell me he cannot survive another day; perhaps even now his soul has entered eternal life. My mother bends with the blow; it is an attribute of her gentler sex to offer consolation to the wounded heart, whilst her own is bleeding. My sister, sweet Ayesha, has been to kiss the fettered hand of her yet beloved brother, and mingle her tears with his, though without being able to offer one consolation to his murderous breast.

‘I HAVE learned my sentence. The Sultan has ordered my decapitation, and in a few hours more you will receive this imperfect sketch. My poor father is no more, and I am denied the satisfaction of being pressed once more in the arms of my heart-broken mother and sister! My home—my childhood’s home—I can never enter again; from my window I gaze upon it for the *last time*. Oh! how magical is the effect of these two words upon my mind! They offer the severest pang of all my unhappiness.

‘Yesterday, as they led me past its now ancient and crumbling threshold, in one moment flashed across my mind the remembrance of my father, mother, sister, and departed brother, and a thousand associations, once endearing, but now teeming with anguish and misery! They come—farewell!’

A F R A G M E N T .

EXISTENCE is a NOVEL in two parts:
 We take up Life, presuming it complete,
 Its preface childhood, and its pictures hopes,
 And pondering on the plot—now vague, now clear—
 We find ‘*To be continued*’ at the end;
 For DEATH has closed the book. Its other part,
 ETERNITY, unread, is in another sphere,
 Where we shall solve the mystery—yet sealed
 To mortal eyes—for *what men live*.

H. W. F.

New-York, 1853.

T H E C R A D L E - B E D .

BY ELIZA GRILLEY.

NATURE may all her charms display
To move to inspiration now;
'Tis vain, though valleys laugh and sing,
And hills around admiring bow.

If I would catch sweet thoughts from heaven,
And guide the pen with easy grace,
I'd bend me o'er a cradle-bed,
And gaze upon an infant's face.

If joyously I'd strike the lyre,
And so a wearied heart beguile,
I first would rouse the holy fire
By feasting on an infant's smile.

Should sorrow be the chosen theme,
I'd soothe a little grieved one's fears,
And then its griefs and wrongs would write
With pen bedewed with infant-tears.

Or should the ever-changing mind
With little fitful fairies teem,
Then fancy's magic art shall weave
The texture of an infant's dream:

Or reason's high, ennobling spell,
Her nicer subtleties be sought,
I still would bend o'er cradle-bed,
And analyze an infant's thought:

Commune with spirits fresh from heaven,
And con their cunning motions o'er,
Till I had caught each winning grace,
And learned to sing their heavenly lore.

When holy angels to our world
Their sweet humility impart,
They ask of God no purer shrine
Than this — an infant's guileless heart.

And oh! when God's eternal Son
To this our fallen earth was led,
High heaven adored, and angels sang
His natal song o'er cradle-bed.

New-Haven, May, 1853.

P O O R O L D C H A R L E Y .

CLARA rushed into my room, her fair hair floating down her shoulders, her little feet in slippers, and her dressing-gown wrapped hastily round her little figure.

‘What is it?’ I asked, starting half conscious out of a heavy, summer-morning sleep, with a dim fear that the baby might be ill or the house on fire.

‘One of the horses is dead! it must be Charley! They brought him out of the stable just now, and he laid himself down and died.’

I tumbled up somehow and ran to the window. Of course my room commanded the stable-yard, but one horse-chestnut, of untimely luxuriance, had popped a big leafy bough just between my point of vision and the spot where the unfortunate deceased lay, so that I could barely discern two hoofs and a nose. With a speed that emulated my much-abhorred and shudderingly-remembered New-Haven toilettes, (in those dreary college-days when we had fifteen minutes to dress in, without light or fire, on a New-England winter-morning, the thermometer as low down as it could go,) I sprang into the nearest habiliments, precipitated myself down stairs, and appeared upon the scene. Yes, there he lay, poor old Charley, fearfully swollen, (it was inflammation of the lungs, so far as our veterinary knowledge enabled us to judge;) around his half-open mouth were some dark stains on the grass, where Tom had been trying to bleed him: it was no use.

‘He seemed all right last night, Sir,’ said the groom: (that I knew myself, having seen him at seven.) ‘This morning, when I took him out, he rolled right over, and choked, and swelled, and died in a minute, as you may say. And,’ continued Tom, ‘as he saw me regarding the body with a puzzled air, ‘I sent Mike off for old Caesar to come and bury him.’

I returned to the house, performed my matutinal ablutions, and went through the ceremony of breakfast, unsentimental as it may seem under the circumstances; then moved back to the stable-yard, and arrived there just as old Caesar drove in.

Such an apparition I never saw before or since. Imagine a man very short and thick-set, any age you please on the *grave* side of seventy, but strong and active notwithstanding; a grizzly black face; grizzly white hair and whiskers; long, knotty, prehensile hands, and nails like claws; a hat that resembled a fragment of a very rusty and battered stove-pipe; and clothes — they really knock the spots out of my poor pen, so far as doing them justice is concerned. Such variety of wretchedness! They were more like the mysteriously-united collections of rags one reads of in the sketches of Irish travellers, than any thing ever seen in an Anglo-Saxon community. That his cart might not have been painted at some remote era, I will not make bold to affirm; but if it ever *had* been overlaid with color, time, weather, and filth had long since rendered that color indistinguishable; a general hue of mud pervaded the establishment. The horse was worthy of the chariot and charioteer: a mere

pony in height, of a flea-bitten gray, turned rusty by exposure to the elements. Every rib and bony angle protruded through his frame-work of skin; every joint was swollen to twice its natural size. He had no more tail than a Manx cat; and his head was absolutely fixed between his fore-legs, as if the muscles which raise the neck had lost their power. That old horse alone, if turned out in a conspicuous position, would have been enough to infect a whole landscape with an air of desolation.

As I looked at Cæsar and his fortunes, he seemed to me some evil spirit or gnome, come to snatch away the remains of my poor favorite; a Charon in a cart instead of a boat, who was to bear off Charley to some fearful region where dead horses go. At length I found voice, and demanded his intentions respecting the corpse.

'We used to throw 'em into the river,' said Cæsar, (it was extraordinary to hear him talk like an ordinary person; he ought to have spoken some unnatural jargon, I thought,) 'but the Corporation won't let us now, so we take 'em somewhere and bury 'em.'

It was said that Cæsar had a peculiar style of burying his subjects; that, in short, he was a Gothamite representative of the European knacker; boiled up the unhappy beasts; made glue and dogs' meat of them; sausages, probably, to some extent — perhaps ate them himself. My resolution was taken on the spot.

'Friend Cæsar,' said I, 'I wouldn't have Charley thrown overboard if the Corporation asked me to. You shall bury him, but you need not take him any farther than the orchard. We will put him there; he may improve the apple-trees; I understand they put dead cats into grape-vine beds sometimes.'

'And sure,' put in Tom with a smile of approbation, 'he was a good horse in his time, and deserves decent burial all the same as a Christian.

(*Christian*, as above used, means merely *human being*, or one of the *genus homo*. It is not solely an Hibernicism, but an English provincialism also, and as such has attracted notice in the erudite pages of the discriminating Mr. Punch :

'THE ass he drinks water, and likewise the cow,
But none but a *Christian* takes beer, you'll allow.'

Tom was not uncommonly popular, notwithstanding his professional merits. Indeed, he was something of a misanthropist, and a good deal of a misogynist, (I wonder what he would say if he heard me calling him such awful names?) but for the noble animal he cherished a tender affection and consideration. Once, when Billy, the cart-horse, had an internal inflammation which I, in my pride of veterinary knowledge, took for the bots, and accordingly 'exhibited' some whiskey and red pepper, which very nearly did his business for him, Tom, at the first symptoms of peril, dashed off on a run to the farrier's, just three miles off, without waiting for orders; and when some of the servants afterwards bantered him on his earnestness, he only condescended to allude to his having been sent for the doctor in similar haste one night when the cook was ill, adding, by way of conclusive explanation, that 'a sick horse needed a doctor as much as any Christian.'

We prepared to put Charley on the antediluvian cart. One is accus-

tomed to think of a dead body as easy to handle; easier, at least, than a living one; but I never saw such a specimen of passive resistance as he afforded. We might have carried three live horses, slung them on board a ship, or tied them under Poitevin's balloon, more easily than we disposed of that dead horse. I thought first that we should never have him lifted, and then that we should never have him perfectly balanced on the cart. Tom and Mike were not sufficient aid; we had to call in the gardener and *his* helper to our assistance. At length, by the united efforts of all six of us, the now wooden and angular form of the once lightning-footed and pliable-limbed stepper was adjusted on its homely hearse. Then followed another marvel: how was that dilapidated, spectral pony to draw three times his own weight, and up hill, too, for the ground rose to the orchard? Yet draw it he did, and at something approaching to a trot.

I had noticed from the beginning of the proceedings that all the servants treated Cæsar with a respect which a white man — particularly a white of the lower orders, and most particularly an Irishman — rarely exhibits toward a 'gentleman of color.' This unusual deference was so marked that I observed it from the moment of his entry on the premises; and my first impulse was to attribute it to superstitious fear — not so bad a guess, either, for even a well-educated man, if his imagination were at all susceptible, might well be excused for standing in some awe of such a hobgoblin concern as Cæsar and his 'equipage.' But this was not the real reason; I was now to learn it.

'Did you notice the cart, Sir?' asked Tom, dropping his voice to an earnest whisper as we brought up the rear of the sad procession.

'Yes, indeed.'

'You would n't give a dollar for it, would you?'

'Not for horse and all.'

'Sir—r!' throwing all the impressiveness he could into his tone, 'that man's worth twenty thousand dollars this day!'

The milk in the cocoa-nut was accounted for. Subsequent inquiry confirmed the correctness of Tom's information, save only the usual exaggeration of the amount. This half scarecrow, half-gnome to behold, this patched and shredded knacker, was the actual possessor of twelve thousand dollars in bank-stock, besides having educated his children and set them up in some respectable business.

We chose the spot for Charley's sepulture between two of the largest and finest apple-trees. Cæsar demanded three spades, and asked the two helpers to stay and assist him. The gardener hurried off for the utensils, and the other men made no objections to working under orders of a 'nigger.' Such is the magic power of wealth to confer respectability. So it is all arranged now. I sit down on the grass to watch the operation and smoke — not a cigar, but a goodly clay pipe, such as a Knickerbocker who is proud to be a member of the St. Nicholas ought to smoke. Baby — so long as there is but one, he is always the baby — comes tumbling out of doors to see what papa is about, and what they are going to do with poor Charley. It is his first acquaintance with death. The sun is growing warm, but we have plenty of shade here, and are never breezeless.

And this is the end of our seven years' friendship! for friendship it really was. I believe we understood each other like two Christians, as Tom would say. I have had a great many two-legged friends — at least they called themselves such — in those seven years, not half so true to me as Charley. Once he gave me a fright, but that was not his fault; my own, if any one's. On the whole, I don't think I have one unpleasant recollection connected with him, but a great many very pleasant ones.

The way I came to make Charley's acquaintance was this: walking down Wall-street one fine spring day, I saw that Charley Losing was crossing over to speak to me about a horse. I say *about a horse*, for that followed of course from the fact of his speaking to me. At that time we were humble units of Young America, and Young America must do one of two things — dance or drive trotters. Losing and I came under the latter category. We knew all the calendars in the *Spirit of the Times*, so that we could have stood an examination on them, and used to voyage all over the country to see matches and try promising colts, just as an Irish gentleman (according to Thackeray) goes sixty miles *on business, i. e.*, to look at a pointer.

'Good-morning,' said Losing: 'how much do you weigh?'

I stated the usual amount of my material ponderosity.

'Just mine exactly:' and then he related to me succinctly (for he never had the national proclivity to word-wasting) that he had matched his bay horse Charley to trot against a team, two in a wagon, two miles of turnpike, for two hundred dollars, (here I put in, 'Why, you're quite in the doo-all,' but Losing treated the shocking attempt at a pun quite right by taking no notice of it,) and that he wanted a man of his own weight to sit with him. He had found the right passenger.

Just a fortnight from that time, I underwent the disagreeable operation of crossing the Brooklyn ferry, and soon after found myself travelling down to the scene of action behind Charley Losing's fast team, the dun horse and black mare that every one on the island knew. I had supposed our rendezvous would be Langshaw's, which used to be the great place of meeting for such affairs in those days, but Losing and Mr. Langshaw did n't hitch horses any longer. Said Langshaw had good liquor and a miraculous cook, but in his other ways was one of those landlords who are now happily getting to be matter of history, at least in the more civilized parts of our country. He fed his guests and boarders three times a day by the clock, and it would have taken a very keen man to get so much as a piece of bread and cheese at any other hour, unless indeed you ordered a dinner or supper three days ahead. Mrs. L. was ten times worse in this respect than her husband. One afternoon, Losing, coming along from some sporting excursion, desperately tired, and hungry enough to eat a cat without stopping to cut the claws off, pulled up at Langshaw's, and requested some provender. Mr. Langshaw was out, and Mrs. Langshaw, utterly deaf to Charley's hints of some cold beef which he had caught a glimpse of in a closet, insisted that there was nothing to eat in the house, and that nothing could be prepared in less than two hours. Whereupon, Losing, being prevented by the laws of gallantry and the land from pitching into a female woman, pitched him-

self into his wagon, pelted home at such a rate that he knocked two shoes off his horse and lamed him for a week; and on his arrival, after filling his vacuum with the first comestible he could lay hands on, (which chanced to be a whole apple-pie,) poured out a pretty stiff horn of cognac, and took a solemn vow over it that he would never tie his trotters under Langshaw's shed again. And Charley Losing was a man of his word.

Accordingly we were to meet at a small tavern near Langshaw's, but on the opposite side of the road. It professed to call itself the *Mechanic's Retreat*, and hung out a sign to that effect; but the local artist not being very strong in punctuation, had substituted for the apostrophe *above* the final s, a comma *below* it, so that the *Mechanics, Retreat* read more like a repulse than an invitation. It was a fine day, and the performances had attracted a pretty large crowd. The bar-room and stoop overflowed with sporting characters, and the adjacent sheds were thickly planted with wagons. The team had not arrived at the appointed hour, which did not surprise us; *some body* always is late on these occasions; as we were out, it was only to be expected that the other party would be. Losing did n't care; his horse, carefully sheeted, was walking up and down before one of his numerous wagons, under the guidance of Scipio Africanus, who knew as much of things equine as his master, and that is saying not a little. For himself, he sedulously abstained from all beverages, though there was much liquoring going on in and about the *Mechanics, Retreat*, and we received numerous invitations; nor did he light a single cigar; we strolled about, looking at this and that horse, and winding up with Charley himself, who was not a large or showy animal, perhaps it might be said, not a handsome one, but had splendid points to the eye of a connoisseur. And Losing told me when and where and for how much he had bought the horse, and all the particulars of his training and performances up to his present age of eight years; thence he digressed to the wagon, and gave me much information how and by whom a wagon should be built, all which I listened to with as much interest as Miss Anybody would manifest at an account of the last new fashions in Paris or Grace Church.

Finally, after a considerable lapse of time, arrived, *not* the team, but its proprietor. One of his nags had cast a shoe that very morning, and was lame, so he came to pay forfeit. Losing having received the money — you could not tell from his face whether he was satisfied or disappointed at this abrupt termination of the performances — walked solemnly into the bar-room, and there made up for lost time in a way that created a visible respect for him among the circumjacent loafers. Then he proposed to me that, as I had never travelled behind Charley, we should go home with him, which we accordingly did. After having smoked his second cigar, Losing, seeing that I was pleased with his pet's travelling, advanced another proposition.

'I am going over the pond,' said he, meaning thereby the Atlantic, 'and don't know when I shall come back. My brother Fred has bought the team, and Harrison is going to take Screwdriver; now you had better buy Charley — I know you want a horse — and that will just set me free.'

We bargained a little for form's sake, and to keep our hand in; finally

I bought Charley for four hundred and fifty dollars, and it was a good investment.

The sun is growing warm. Come into the shade, Franky! They have not finished digging yet. I had no idea it took so large a hole to put the poor old horse in.

Charley soon became my pet, and with reason, for every one allowed him to be a most valuable animal. True, there were a good many nags about that could beat him on a brush, but for long drives he had few equals; and those were the drives I liked, living so far from the city, and going to and fro continually, to say nothing of numerous ferry-crossings eastward. There was no give-out about that little bay; he was always ready for his work. Many a pleasant spin of from eight to fourteen miles I had with him, sometimes on the Westchester road and the avenue, sometimes on the island. After travelling far enough to tire an ordinary horse, he was just in trim to begin trotting his fastest, so that now and then he would astonish a fancy-man who had been regarding him as merely an average roadster. One afternoon I remember particularly as if it were but yesterday. At that time I was having a passage-of-arms with the great *North American Blunderbuss*, and wanting to consult some erudite folio, drove down to Harry Masters' after it. A lovely spring afternoon it was, such as we seldom, too seldom enjoy in our rapid country, where spring *will* glide into summer before the winter is fairly gone. So fresh was the landscape, so genial and Italian-like the atmosphere, that mere existence was a positive luxury. And as Charley bowled along, up-hill and down-hill, over bridges and past taverns, at his easy journey-pace of twelve miles an hour, (for he never was one of your disagreeable brutes, that have no medium between a walk and full speed,) I felt inexpressibly comfortable, and in first-rate condition for pitching into the *Blunderbuss*. On the whole, it is just possible that my whole turn-out added to the cheerfulness of the scene. Charley had a new harness on that fitted like wax, and his owner was adorned with a new white hat; the wagon had just been varnished, and in the strap of the seat alongside me was stuck a jolly posy from our own garden, which I was taking in for Mrs. Masters. Just about a mile from the stones, (it was in the early part of the afternoon, while the road was as yet tolerably clear, and most of those who were out went the other way,) the sharp quick sounds of pattering feet struck my ear. A well-built iron-gray was brushing up behind me in a road-sulky. On ordinary occasions I should not have ventured to risk the difference of weight after coming such a distance, but Charley and I both felt so gay, and he looked so ready for a start as he pricked up his ears at the sound of approaching wheels, that just as the gray had his nose almost over my shoulder, and was about to turn out and pass, I gathered in the reins a little, and told my pet to go. Away he sweeps in his beautiful round trot, pitching back a cloud of dust and pebbles upon the astonished sulky. The gray tries to follow; for a few steps he holds his own in the rear, then the sound of his feet grows fainter in the distance, dying away in a canter. I pull up Charley a little carelessly; he breaks from being too suddenly checked, and comes almost to a full stop. Just as I start him again, the gray, who has meantime settled, comes flying by at a great pace. But Charley is at his

heels in a moment; he presses him close, and is just lapping, when a sudden jolt sends the whip flying out of its socket. There is nothing to be done but pull up and put back. A benevolent Hibernian has picked up the article, and hands it to me. This time I keep fast hold of it. Our friend with the gray has drawn up, and is waiting. All right! you won't have to wait long. Go it, Charley! Just as we are at his wheel, off goes the gray at his best. One on each side of the road, we tear along. It is a dead level, and rather heavy. Charley, with so much weight against him, can't make up that length, for all my coaxing. The gray is going his prettiest, under a tremendous pull. I jerk Charley upon the centre of the road, at the risk of splitting a hoof; he skims the hard Macadam with redoubled velocity, and gains on his antagonist. 'Go it, mustaches!' cries a small boy, as we pass. Flop! the gray is up. His driver makes a vain effort to catch him into his trot. It's no use; the wagon goes by like a whirlwind, and leaves him so far behind, that he gives up all farther effort. Then I strike the stones, and draw up to a walk; and as the sulky comes slowly trotting along, I remark quite casually to the discomfited jockey, 'I guess your horse has n't been nine miles with four hundred pounds behind him.'

Here I can fancy the lady-reader (if indeed any lady-reader should have gone so far into poor Charley's fragmentary biography) ejaculating, 'What, nothing but horses and racing!' and then passing contemptuously to the next article. Stay awhile, fair dame or gentle damosel. Hath not the noble animal ever played a great part in poetry and romance, from Roderick's Orello (to go back no farther) down to the charger that carried off the Duchess May and her lover?

'When the bride-groom led the flight on his red roan steed of might,
And the bride lay on his arm, safe, as if she felt no harm,
Smiling out into the night?'

Well now, suppose I show you how Charley assisted in an authentic bit of romance, with a happy termination too; how he restored a disconsolate wife to the arms of an unsuspecting husband. List, then, and be moved.

One summer, I was staying up the river, at Phil. Van Horne's, and, being bound to stay a great part of the summer, had come with all my family, Charley included. Among our neighbors was one who dwelt somewhat farther inland than most of us; an old gentleman named Hertezoff, of Russian descent originally, as the termination of his name implies. A very nice old gentleman he was, though we used to think he might have lived a little nearer to the Hudson without any danger to it from his proximity. But you can't expect people to have every thing, and *looks* were the forte of the family. Miss Hertezoff was a real American beauty, neither a blonde, nor a brunette, nor yet a compromise between the two, but a union of the best points of each; skin marble-white, hair and eyes dark-brown, cheeks lit up with roses, and so forth. As to her accomplishments and mental furniture, I never had an opportunity of studying them, for she was very much taken up elsewhere; but believe she had, at least, the usual amount of feminine graces and perfections.

About that time came into those parts a stranger who was immediately allowed to be 'some pumpkins,' inasmuch as he was a southerner, rich, young, and handsome. His name was Sinclair Preston; he came from Mississippi, where he owned one estate, beside another in Louisiana. He really was a fine-looking fellow, tall, fresh-complexioned and regularly-featured, with most aristocratic hands and feet; and knew enough to eschew all loud patterns, and dress very quietly. Not to go into particulars, he 'knocked' all the adjacent male population, native and imported, in the matter of looks, and would have made us all very envious, if the lords of creation ever *were* envious of such things; but I believe that is a privilege of the other sex. Moreover, he was, for a southerner, marvellously quiet and undemonstrative. He did not get drunk, rarely swore, and, *mirabile dictu*, never gambled. Nay, more; he always paid his debts when asked, even if they were *not* debts of honor; and was so disgusted when his state repudiated, that *he* repudiated *it*, and ever after called himself a Louisianian. Farther, he had a good education, and did not put 'sir' or 'ma'am' more than half a dozen times into every sentence he uttered. In short, he was a paragon of social virtues—but for one unlucky failing. Sinclair Preston was the most forgetful and scatter-brained of men. He was exactly the sort of person to whom the old woman's saying applies: 'If your head were loose, you would forget it.' To make an appointment with him was a farce. If you asked him to dinner a week a-head, and sent him a reminder the day before, it was two to one he never came after all. If he was going on an excursion, and there was no kind friend at hand to jog his memory, he was sure to be wandering somewhere else when the boat started. There was no counting on any of his movements with the most distant approach to certainty.

The rich young southerner having come to our locality, fell in love, according to rule, with the prettiest girl there, which Mary Hertzoff as decidedly was, as Sinclair was the handsomest man. They were engaged very soon after their first acquaintance, and married very soon after their engagement. I am sure the whole affair did not occupy two months. They had a gay wedding one night, and were to start next day on a southern tour. When I say they had a gay wedding, I am not using the adjective at random, or for merely ornamental purposes. It *was* a gay wedding, a very gay one; perhaps a New-Englander might have called it too gay. Hertzoff had some old Madeira, and the guests knew where it was. I remember that Harry Masters, who tried to steer his household home that night with a four-in-hand, could n't keep in the middle of the turnpike, (which is about as wide as the Third Avenue,) but ran into the ditch, and broke his pole. To be sure, Harry had the excuse of its being a very dusty and windy night, (more by token, as Pat says, I lost a hat of my own on the same occasion,) but some said he was more in the wind than the state of the weather alone could account for. However, my host and I were up in good time next morning, for it would have been a positive sin to lie in bed such mornings as we had. While Phil. and I were running extempore races round the grounds—one of our usual morning amusements, and a very good way of getting up an appetite for breakfast—a boy came along with some game. We were none

of us ardent sportsmen, and should have been very badly off for the article, had we depended on our own exertions for the supply of it; indeed, game was scarce any how, and it was not often that any one in the vicinity had a good lot at a time. So Phil. was glad enough to buy all that the boy had, and then, like a kind, thoughtful, neighborly fellow as he was, he recollected that Hertezoff was very fond of partridges. 'Frank,' said he, 'will you drive down after breakfast, and take these to the old gentleman, with my compliments?' Phil. knew that I was too happy to have any excuse for driving about the country.

Mr. Hertezoff lived not many miles from us, but a pretty good way — that is to say, a pretty bad way — from the steam-boat landing at Vienna. I found his front gate open, and, bowling unceremoniously into it, nearly ran over old Sarah, the cook, who was holding an animated conversation with another servant in the very centre of the lane.

'Something for you,' said I, pointing to the plump birds at my feet.

'Ah! it's little we care for them now,' she replied, regarding the lovely animals with a look of indifference that, in a cook, was positive impiety.

'Why, what in goodness' name is the matter?' Her bewildered look, which I at first attributed to her narrow escape from pulverization under Charley's hoofs, had evidently some more permanent cause.

'O Sir, Mr. Preston's been and gone, and forgot Mrs. Preston.'

It was so very absurd, and yet so like the man, that I could with difficulty suppress a roar of laughter.

'Yes,' she continued, 'he took the rockaway and the team this morning,' (the Hertezoffs were not so flush of horses and vehicles as some of us; their establishment was always denoted by the singular number and definite article,) 'and all his things, and some o' hern. I wonder Jake was such a fool as to go with him. And they did n't find it out for nigh half an hour, and now they're ravin' distracted; and Sam has gone off on old Ploughboy, but he'll never catch 'em.'

I thought it highly probable not, from my own recollections of Ploughboy, the farm-horse; but at any rate there appeared no use for me in the present state of things; and doubtless I should have gone straight back, but the Hertezoff grounds were so arranged that you could not turn conveniently without driving round the house; so round the house I drove; and at the farther corner of it a ludicrously pitiable spectacle presented itself. The bride, all equipped in her travelling-dress, and looking none the less beautiful for her consternation, was walking, or rather trotting, round the broad stoop that encompassed the house, as if performing some charm to restore

'Her Daphnis to her much-desiring arms.'

In a rocking-chair near the door sat her father, on one side of him a pile of band-boxes, on the other his half-smoked cigar, which had fallen helplessly to the floor. He was rocking as fast as his daughter was running, and every time she passed him in her round, he would lift up his eyes and hands, and exclaim: 'My poor, forsaken child! what is to become of you?'

I checked my horse instinctively. A thought struck me. The landing was seventeen miles off, or a short eighteen at most. The *Swallow*

usually arrived there at eleven. I glanced at my watch; it was not yet ten. We had an hour and fourteen minutes.

'Mrs. Preston, I will take you to the boat in time.'

'Can you?' and she stopped short in her career.

'Yes; but you must leave your baggage.'

She glanced at the band-boxes, and hesitated a moment; then, just as I had lightened my vehicle, by pitching out the birds almost into Hertezoff's lap, she leaped into the wagon without waiting for me to bias the front axle and make room for her.

'Hold fast, Mrs. Preston. Partridges, with Mr. Van Horne's compliments. Ke-ip, Charley! Good-bye, Mr. Hertezoff!' and away we rattled down the lane and out at the gate, leaving the old gentleman more bewildered than ever; his daughter whisked away, he had hardly time to see by whom, and three brace of birds left in exchange for her.

Though our road descended most of the way, (else would our chance have been small indeed,) it rose at first, soon after emerging from the Hertezoff place, for nearly a mile, and pretty stiffly too. To press the horse up this hill would have been suicidal; we were obliged to mount at any easy pace. By way of keeping up my companion's spirits during this delay, I extemporized some most apocryphal stories of my nag's performances against time. HEAVEN forgive me for Munchausenizing! I am not sure but I made Charley distance Trustee in a ten-mile heat. However, this romance served to keep Mrs. Preston quiet till we had climbed the ascent. A lovely view it was from the top, and a lovely day to see it in. Every variety of hill and valley and wood and water in sight; and far away below, the blue Hudson and the white sails gliding over it; and far away above, the blue sky and the white clouds sailing on it. But I had no eyes save for my horse's ears and the road straight before me. Straight enough it lay, descending for miles, the few occasional elevations being not more than the velocity due to the previous descent would carry us over without trouble. I drew up the reins: 'Hold fast, Mrs. Preston; don't mind the dust. Ke-ip, Charley!' The gallant bay made a hop forward, and then took hold of the bit and settled down to a tearing trot, making the dust eddy and the pebbles spin around us. 'He-e, boy! g'lang!' and away goes Charley!

And first we overtook the hopeless messenger. Sam, a diminutive black, was bobbing up and down on big Ploughboy at a hobby-horse canter. We shot by him like a steamer past a liner when there is no wind, and my hind-wheel nearly took off the top of one of his boots. Whether he saw that his services were no longer needed, I don't know, for he was instantly lost to sight in our self-raised cloud of dust. 'He-e, boy! he-eh!' and away goes Charley!

What's this? A flock of geese spread over the road. We take no notice, Charley and I, but go right at them; Mrs. Preston cannot suppress a scream. I understand geese; I have seen a great many in Rhode Island, (no *arrière pensée* against the inhabitants of that good state, though they have adopted the M—e L—w;) it is a physical impossibility to run over them. Right and left they vanish, as by magic, from under our wheels, and the wagon speeds on smoothly without a jar. 'That's right; he-e, old fellow!' and away goes Charley!

Some minutes—that is to say, a mile or so—farther on, a huge hay-cart is drawn diagonally across the road, while the careless driver stands on one side of it, gossiping with a crony. ‘Hey! Hallo there! Those men ought to hear us: I’m sure we make noise enough; but they won’t take the trouble to. Ah, my fine fellows! We haven’t driven on the Bloomingdale-road for nothing. We know where there is just room to get through, and where there is n’t. There *is* just room on the right side, exactly where you are standing.’ Without a moment’s hesitation, we dash at the opening. Our wheels shave the ponderous orbs of the hay-cart, and the two natives, tardily bestirring themselves to escape Charley’s onslaught, are precipitated into the ditch. We hear the beginning of some tall swearing behind us, but the half-formed anathemas die away on the breeze. ‘All right; get along!’ and away goes Charley!

The pace continued so good that I began to be afraid, not that we should miss the boat, but (a more important loss to me) that I should kill my horse. To be sure, I had once performed a similar feat, about the same amount of road in the same time, with a mare belonging to old Bacchus. (It was to escape a thunder-shower when driving a young lady home from a dinner-party.) But Dolly never was altogether herself again after it, and Bacchus, who was then worth *only* one hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year, never forgave me for the injury done his property. Well, we are not so mean as Bacchus, thank God! and if Charley dies in a lady’s service, his tomb shall be honored for it. Think of that, old fellow, and step out more than ever. ‘Hey, get along!’ and away goes Charley!

O gioja! potamos! potamos! We are close on the river. Terribly blown, and puffing like a steam-engine, but with something left in him yet, Charley rushes into the little village of Vienna; (the smaller a place is in our state, the bigger name it is sure to have.) For the first time since starting, I dare look at my watch. Three minutes to spare! ‘Hurrah! go it, old fellow! this is the last spirt.’ Horse and man making noise enough to startle all the inhabitants, we rattle through the village slap to the end of the wharf. Just in time! The red flag is flying from the staff; the good boat Swallow is making her landing. The disembarking passengers have ‘toted out their plunder,’ and a goodly pile of trunks is going on board. Watching them and smoking a cigar, a tall gentleman leans against a post. It is Sinclair Preston.

‘Hallo, Preston! here’s your wife!’ I shouted with such voice as I had left, for my throat was hoarse and dry between the dust that had gone into it and the yells that had come out of it. By way of supplementary emphasis, I nearly ran Charley’s head into his face.

‘By Jove!’ ejaculated the Louisianian, stepping forward just in time to catch his bride as the jerk with which I pulled up threw her into his arms, ‘I thought I had forgotten something.’

They have finished the grave and plumped the poor old horse into it. Franky has been scooping out a little grave with sticks in imitation. He has found a chicken’s head, and is interring it with much care and ceremony. Dear Franky! how near we were both going to the grave together, though you never knew it, all by reason of Charley. No—let us be just to the departed; it was my fault more than his.

One fine April day—we lived in town then, and Franky was just beginning to talk—I took him and his nurse on a drive. We had a comfortable top-wagon—not exactly the thing to trot—and an old harness rather too light for the wagon. But not having the least intention to go fast, I started in the middle of the day, when the roads were empty. So we had a nice time of it till, as we were returning through Yorkville and climbing a hill, evil destiny sent a couple of b'hoys in a wagon behind us. I heard them yelling, and drew Charley in, not without some demonstration of reluctance on his part. All would have been well, but as they passed us on the top of the hill, one of them made some contemptuous allusion to my horse. Piqued into a forgetfulness of prudence, I gave my pet his head, and started him down the descent. We were just lapping the other wagon when he broke. Vexed at the occurrence, I did not attempt to stop him until he had run past the b'hoys, and then tried to catch him into his trot. But the pull on the reins had no effect; he continued to gallop; and I then saw, to my consternation, that his breaking was only the consequence of the breaking of something else. The breeching flapped loose about his flanks. He could n't stop if he wanted to. And Franky, delighted at the rapid motion, claps his little hands in childish glee, and exclaims: 'We beat, papa! faster, faster!'

The old horse is going fast enough now. We spin through the village. My coach-maker is standing in front of his shop, gossiping with some neighbors. I hear him say, 'There's a runaway;' and another answer, 'Oh, he'll stop when he gets to the bottom of the hill.' It is an incident of great variety in their morning, a decided case of *suave mari magno*. How provokingly cool their observations sound!

Yes, *when* we got to the bottom! But what might happen in that half mile! The horse might kick or fall, and in either case we should be thrown in a heap together; or a wheel might come off, or a jolt upset us. One consolation—there was no fear of our running foul of another vehicle; the road lay perfectly open. After all, the greatest danger was that the nurse might be frightened, and attempt to jump out with the child. I dared not even say, 'Sit still, Jane;' but changing the now useless reins into my right hand, kept firm hold of the boy with my left.

We were not long going down that hill, but it seemed to me an age. I could feel the perspiration breaking out all over me, and trickling down my face in big drops. At length we reached the level ground, and the instant Charley felt the weight drawing behind him, instead of pressing on his heels, he struck his trot, and in another second I pulled him in. Pouring sweat, and trembling in every limb, he stopped, not all at once, or motionlessly, but with an evident inclination to go on again. I was in dread lest the other wagon might come up before we were fairly disembarked, and so start him off once more. But it was far behind. I tumbled out somehow. 'Now, Jane, give me the baby. Thank God! Jump yourself! Keep well back out of the road; go to the stone wall.' A chill and faintness came over me with the revulsion of feeling. My head swam and my knees shook. With a last instinct to hold fast to the horse, I shortened the reins and took him by the head, and then went off into a fainting-fit just as I stood, half holding him, half supported by him; the last thing I heard, before losing consciousness, was Franky's exclamation: 'Oh, papa, did n't we go fast!'

A gruff voice recalled me. 'Hallo, Mister: any body hurt?' It was the b'hoy who had come up with us.

'No body; but our breeching's broke. Have you got any thing to mend it with?'

My off handed manner just suited the b'hoy, on whom any superfluous politeness would have been thrown away. He produced a bit of cord, and helped me to splice up the harness. You may be sure I drove home pretty carefully.

Old Charley is nearly covered up. We shall soon see the last of him. That is the worst of having a pet animal; their life is so small a fraction of yours, that the separation comes just as you are fairly attached to them. I was once assured by an acquaintance of Dr. Lingard, that the historian's decease had been visibly accelerated by the death of his favorite dog. How many griefs poor Clara has had as her King Charleses, Blenheims, &c., have been carried off by the various ills to which doghood, especially *small* doghood, is heir! Baby is the wisest of us; he has set up a parrot, which (if he does n't pull its head off meantime) will probably out-live him twice over. But Charley did n't die of old age; he was only fourteen—hardly past his prime. One summer I had to go over the water, and the gardener in whose charge he had been left, not having Tom's consideration for the equine family, allowed him to catch the heaves. Next winter we nursed him our best, and thought him fast recovering, when—this morning he died. There: they have thrown in the last shovel-ful, and smoothed the top over. He was a good friend. I feel the tears in my eyes.

'Hallo, old boy! good-morning!' I start up and see a white hat and a brown horse and a yellow gig glancing through the trees between us and the stable-yard. It is Bleecker, who has come to lunch with us and drink some of his own wine. I go to meet him, and Franky toddles after me. 'Mamma, I shall die and be buried in the orchard with old Charley, and then papa will come and cry over me.'

Di avertile omen.

A L W A Y S C H E E R F U L .

I
ALWAYS cheerful? Yes, my friend;
This my motto from the first:
That misfortune needs must mend
When the bad is at the worst.

II.
Know you not the arc that lies
Deepest crushed into the clay
Is the sole one sure to rise,
Let the wheel roll as it may?

III.
When my questioned purse is dumb,
Shall I whimper? nay, but sing:
'Let the jingling goddess come;
'Now there's room for all she'll bring.'

New York, 1853.

IV.
If the merry hint she slight,
Still I'll carol as I go:
'Empty pockets are so light,
By my faith, 'tis better so!'

V.
As for love, why fret or mope
If one charmer prove unkind?
Surely 't were more wise to hope
All the sex not quite so blind.

VI.
If my merits find them so,
This shall make me lighter grieve:
'CELEBS, what a world of woe
ADAM found in finding EVE!'

W B B.

SONG OF THE PIONEER'S SON.

BY JOHN TROMAN.

I was born in the depth of the primitive wood ;
I have heard the wild beasts of the dark jungle roar ;
But the hills are now bald where the wilderness stood :
Haunts of my youth, I behold you no more !

The new verdant landscapes are fair as the day,
And the smooth plain it fears not the sweep of the blast ;
Yet pensively oft through its borders I stray,
And sigh for the grandeur of scenes that are past.

I have heard the tornado rush forth in its might,
When the great forest heaved like the waves of the sea ;
I have seen the storm burst on the steep mountain-height,
And the thunder-bolt shiver the giant pine-tree.

I have spurred my wild horse through the high swollen flood ;
I have shot the fleet stag from my log-cabin door ;
But the hills are now bald where the wilderness stood :
Haunts of my youth, I behold you no more !

How art thou shorn of the crest of thy pride,
Old Shongolee bluff ! could the axe and the flame
And the plough-share thus ravage thy oak-mantled side ?
Thy once haughty form is so humbled and tame !

Yet oft may thy waving fields bloom as to-day,
Though thy primeval glory no longer be seen :
For my forefathers cleared thy dark forests away,
And my forefathers robed thee with mantles of green.

Weary yet glad were the days of their toil,
Till summoned the weapons of battle to wield,
When, leaving the harvest to cumber the soil,
They met the bold Briton on Chippewaugh field.

Anon the loud shout of their triumph was heard
High over the din of Niagara's roar ;
And aye, as the sweet days of quiet recurred,
Stainless and proud were the laurels they wore.

Then green be their tomb, which their own hands adorned,
Old Shongolee hill, with its orchard so gay ;
And proud be the children of heroes who scorned
The lance of the foeman on Chippewaugh's day.

FROM BOSTON TO NEW-YORK THIRTY YEARS AGO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

IN these wandering days, when every body is giving to the public accounts of journeys by land and sea, and when the demand for books of travels and voyages is so great, it has occurred to me to write my travels, or rather my travel; and, as the events of my one journey combine much that is startling and interesting in far more extended tours, I venture to hope that you may not find a short record of them unworthy a place in your Magazine.

And now, my dear Sir, do not imagine that I am about to give you a dismal account of a sea-voyage, with the usual details of shipwreck and starvation, perhaps even with a touch of cannibalism; or a diary of a European tour, with long-drawn, tedious descriptions of pictures and places. My voyage was as short as it was disastrous; my 'hair-breadth escapes' and 'moving accidents by flood,' were all confined to the space of a single night, and the scene of my experiences was a steam-boat on Long-Island Sound.

It was in the year 1827 that I made my first and last trial of the delights of steam boat travelling. I was in ill health at the time, and when my physician prescribed a journey as the surest means of recovering my strength, I determined to go to New-York, where I had business to transact, and thus 'kill two birds with one stone.' There were not so many ways of going to New-York then as now; but I took the most approved route, going from Boston to Providence in the stage-coach, and thence taking the steam-boat through the Sound to New-York. I selected the last week in July for my trip, counting upon glorious weather at that time; but 'l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose;' and when the morning for my departure came, the sun perversely hid his face behind lowering clouds, and a chill wind blew from the east, breathing far more of January than of July. But my trunk was packed; I had taken leave of my wife and children, and, as I had secured an inside seat in the stage, I feared no ill effects to my health from this seemingly inauspicious beginning to my journey. In these days of universal travel it is impossible to conceive how great an event a journey was then, especially to a stay-at-home, country lawyer, like myself. Now, when men pack their carpet-bags in half an hour for a voyage across the Atlantic, I fear it will hardly be believed that the mere packing of my trunk, for a few days' absence, cost my wife a week's anxious thought and labor. And, indeed, her kind heart left no emergency unprovided for. A small apothecary's shop occupied one-half of the leathern receptacle; while clothes adapted to every variety of weather filled the other. Her thoughtful kindness left no wish ungratified. But this is not the time or place to laud the virtues of my wife, though she is the best wife in the world, and I do n't care who knows it. And now behold me fairly launched for my journey, on the aforesaid cold, rainy morning, feeling rather stiff and unnatural in a new suit of clothes, with a terribly glossy, high-crowned, black hat, and boots

uncomfortably small; all which splendors had been procured to honor this most important occasion.

The ride to Providence was not so disagreeable as I had expected. To be sure, there were two babies in the coach, whose anxious mothers would not allow a breath of fresh air to be admitted on any consideration, which motherly care caused me a violent head-ache; but then they were good, quiet children; and if one of them did pound my back and shoulders, for a large portion of the way, with a piece of soft molasses ginger-bread, (alas! for my new coat!) and if the other did make a table of my new hat (which I had thoughtlessly taken off to relieve my aching head, and deposited on my knees) for its large piece of melting candy, still I was a father myself, and I loved children too well to take offence at what their mothers called 'their pretty little ways.' Still I must acknowledge that it was a tedious day, with the eternal drip, drip of the rain on the roof of the coach, and the damp, close air within. Even the 'pretty little ways' grew tiresome as their owners grew cross and sleepy; and when we arrived in Providence, and I contrasted the comfortless hospitality of an hotel with my own cheerful home, and tossed about during the weary hours of the night in vain seeking relief for my pain, I vowed never again to leave that home in search of health, or such very doubtful pleasure as my first day's journey had brought me.

I was awakened early the next morning by the pelting of the rain against my windows and the melancholy howling of the wind in the chimney. Truly, it was a pleasant July morning on which to set forth for my voyage, (as I called it.) But I kept a steadfast heart, and after breakfast drove down to the wharf, where the steam-boat lay tossing about like a cockle-shell. It was the original old Fulton. She was much smaller than the steam-boats of the present day; but she looked, to my ignorant eyes—oh! so monstrous, and so dangerous! The steadfast heart failed as I saw the black smoke pouring from her chimneys, and heard the sharp hiss of the escaping steam; and, for a moment, I hesitated whether I should not order my trunk back, run on shore, and make the best of my way home. Like Launcelot Gobbo in the play, I stood and dubitated. 'Budge,' quoth cowardly fear at my elbow. 'Budge not,' quoth the spice of bravery in my heart, to say nothing of the sense of shame at such an ignominious ending to my journey. But when at last, like Launcelot, I had decided 'to use my legs, take the start, and run away,' the last bell had rung, the plank was lifted, the boat pushed off, and my fate as a hero was determined.

But not very heroic did I feel as I listened to a conversation which was going on between the captain of the boat and some of the passengers, as to the probability of the boat's being able to reach New-York, with a head-wind, and in such a storm.

'It does pipe pretty loud,' said the captain, 'but I guess she'll wear through; at any rate, as soon as I think there is any real danger, I will turn back.' This was cold comfort for a poor disheartened land-lubber like myself, but I presently forgot all minor woes in the unutterable misery of sea sickness. As I was lying helpless in my berth, prostrated by this demon of the sea, I was roused by a tremendous crash over-head. Thinking that my last moment had come, I rushed upon deck, and found that a large wood-pile had lost its balance and fallen over, thereby frightening

three horses who were on board, so that they had broken loose from their fastenings, and were careering madly about the deck. As I appeared upon the scene to inquire the cause of the noise, I narrowly escaped being knocked down and trampled upon by one of the furious animals; so I quickly retreated, grimly smiling to myself at the thought that, of all the dangers I had pictured to myself as likely to occur during my journey, that of being run over by wild horses, on board a steam-boat, had not been on the list.

But now the storm increased in fury; the little boat pitched and tumbled and creaked and groaned; and once more I ventured on deck, thinking that I would rather have a fair chance for my life in the open sea than be drowned, like a dog, in my berth. But there the scene was even more fearful, and I cursed my folly for ever leaving my peaceful home to trust my life in such a pandemonium as this. I found an old sea-captain from P—— in anxious expostulation with the steam-boat's captain. 'I don't know much about your cooking-stove craft,' said he, 'but I do know that a vessel as is a vessel could not live five minutes longer against such a wind and with such a sea as this; so put about, man, if you would not have the deaths of all these people to answer for.' In great agony of mind I waited for the captain's answer. Just then the boat gave a tremendous lurch, which seemed to strain every timber. 'I believe you are right,' he said, as I thought, absolutely turning pale, and directly after, I saw him talking with the man at the wheel. Presently we swung slowly round, and, with the speed of lightning, cut back through the water on our way to Newport. There we passed a dreary enough day; but toward evening the wind changed, the rain ceased, blue sky appeared, and soon we were again steaming merrily over the water in the light of a most gorgeous sun-set. 'Now, then, I understand the delights of steam-boat travelling,' I thought, as I sat on the upper deck watching the rosy light upon the sea, and the purple receding shore, as we sped along through the sparkling waves. And I own that it was with a slight touch of pride and self-satisfaction that I thought I knew its dangers too; and I pictured to myself the wonder and horror of my wife and children, when, returning a travelled man, I should describe to them the raging waves, and the groaning boat, and all the terrors of the furious storm through which I had passed. But the waves yet felt the effects of the storm, and I soon felt the effect of the waves; and before the red twilight had left the west, I once more descended to my berth, and soon fell into pleasant dreams of home. I think I could not have been asleep more than five minutes when I was awakened by the cry of 'Fire! fire!' Now, then, my end had surely come, for we were out of sight of land, and no vessel was near. When I reached the deck, I found the wood-work round the engine all on fire, and the men working with all their might to extinguish it. I joined the line, and in ten minutes the danger was over. Grateful for my deliverance from this most terrible of deaths, once more I threw myself faint and exhausted into my berth, now become any thing but a bed of roses to me. 'What next?' I said, half laughing a kind of hysteric laugh; and the words were hardly out of my mouth, when 'bang, bang, bang,' just under my head, sent me once more on deck, where I saw the light on Fisher's Island blazing just above us, and heard from the captain that we had struck upon a rock, owing to the carelessness or

sleepiness of the man at the helm. 'But,' he added, 'there is not much damage done; she has strained her fore-foot a little, but has sprung no leak, and we shall reach New-York just as soon as before.' I asked no questions; I meekly went back to my berth. As to reaching New-York, I had no idea that such a thing was possible: indeed, I began to disbelieve in there being such a place at all, and quietly resigned myself to passing the rest of my days in this strange boat, amid all the excitements and horrors which a sea-life affords.

So I lay patiently waiting for the next accident, and pondering over the strange fact which the captain had propounded, of a steam-boat's having feet. Perhaps her hind-foot will strike next, I thought: I wonder what that will do. I remembered an old song of my father's about being 'ship-wrecked, and murdered, and sold for a slave.' The first I had already experienced, and I supposed the other two would certainly arrive. And so musing, I fell once more asleep, and did not awaken again until we reached New-York.

This was a long time ago, Mr. EDITOR, and I am now an old man; but do you wonder that I am glad to rest upon the laurels I gained then as a traveller, without again tempting the manifold dangers of the deep? and that I am willing to take all the growing glories of New-York upon hearsay, and believe that I can make acquaintance with all that is best and brightest in the 'Empire City' through the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER?

D A M A S C E N A .

BY WILLIAM NORTH

I HAVE wandered, wandered, wandered,
Over land and over sea;
I have pondered, pondered, pondered,
On what is, and what must be:
Art is longer,
Time is stronger
Than the *Will* misnamed *the Free*.

When to DAMASCENA kneeling,
Delicate, seductive maid!
Golden tribute, thought and feeling,
With chivalric heart I paid:
Like a flower
In a shower,
Drooped she, pleased, yet half afraid.

And before my urgent passion,
Blushing, with averted face,
Shrank she, in such timorous fashion,
That it lent a double grace
To the whisper
She would lisp, or
The soft smile upon her face.

It was long ere I grew braver;
For so delicate she seemed,
Scarce of any earthly favor
In my spring of love I dreamed:
She appearing
To my fearing
Soul — champagne, forth as it creamed!

Might not rapture's wild enjoyer,
With so fairy-like a prize,
Prove a fatal, full destroyer
Of his visioned paradise?
Hesitating,
Yet unsating,
Drank I poison from her eyes.

Amethystine-hued they glistened;
Swayed her shape as lilies sway,
While entranced I fondly listened
To the words she dignified to say:
Ever changing,
Idly ranging
From the graver to the gay.

But at length the dream was over,
And sweet certainty — bright sun!
Shone on me, the happy lover,
The preferred, the chosen one.
We had spoken,
Bartered token,
And I held her, mine alone!

By what delicate attentions
Sought I then her love to bind!
What devices, what inventions,
Sleeplessly my brain designed
To enchain her!
What is vainer
Than a mad young lover's mind!

Once, at night, I sought her garden,
On her window-blinds to gaze;
Confident of easy pardon,
Musing in impassioned lays:
Sonnets glowing,
Beauty showing
As immortal as my lays!

But a truce to vain ambition:
What is this that charms my blood,
With a thrill of black suspicion
Freezing all the bounding flood!
Why thus frigid
Stand I rigid
As the oak-trees in the wood!

DAMASCENA! freely talking
With a man — that man of all! —
In the moon-lit mid-night walking!
Yes, that face I well recall:

Well I know him;
 Well I'll show him
 How the insolent can fall!

DAMASCENA! she, the tender,
 Gentle, exquisitely fine,
 Needing hourly to defend her
 From a breeze, such love as mine:

DAMASCENA —

She! — I mean a
 Vision, Eden-born, divine!

She in coarse and ready dalliance
 With a low-born, low-bred knave;
 Boaster, full of pot house valiance,
 Neither good, nor true, nor brave:
 Flaming devils!
 Laugh in revels,
 Deep in Hades, while I rave!

She — whom I approached, adoring —
 Toyed with, hugged like MEG or KATE;
 With *that* wretch the road exploring
 I had turned to heaven's gate!

DAMASCENA!

I have been a
 Fool! I am wiser — *not* too late.

Wiser? — What is wisdom? Ask it
 Of the gods that throne above!
 Is it in ALNASHAR's basket?
 Is it in the dreams of love?
 Is it madness?
 Is it sadness?
 Of the serpent, or the dove!

Peace! — let other maidens view an
 Off-cast lover with a smile;
 Let *me* play the reckless JUAN!
 Men are fools, and women vile.
 Like the Spanish
 Don, I vanish
 From the sentimental file.

Gold and honor, power and splendor,
 And the reverence which men
 To the mighty masters render
 Of the sword and of the pen:
 These shall try me,
 These supply me
 DAMASCENAS ten times ten!

Fare-thee-well! Whilst nectar sucking
 From the lips of yon base hound,
 Ask him *how he liked the ducking*
In the horse-trough near the pound!
 But, no more — I
 End my story:
 Hark! the engine's distant sound!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

INKLINGS: CONTAINING SKETCHES OF LIFE, COMPOSITION, ETCHINGS, etc. By SEABRED DODGE PRATT, Esq. In one volume: pp. 402. Auburn, New-York: HENRY OLLIPHANT.

WHEN we encounter a volume like the one before us, evidently the work of a young man, with an apparent love of literature for its own sake, a seeming feeling for nature, and affections presumably fresh and young, we cannot find it in our heart to be merely critical, nor to judge the author by the standard by which the professional reviewer sustains his own position, and endeavors to establish the position, intellectually considered, of his subject. We shall permit our author, therefore, to 'speak for himself,' both as to his views of criticism, and through his own performances; indulging, at the same time, in occasional and brief comments of our own. We quote first from the 'Inkling' of *Remarks on Criticism* :

'THE blacksmith must be the best judge of iron, the tailor of cloth. It is true they may be scholars, and good judges of other things, but this is no objection to their excelling in the selection of articles used daily by them; and you would not choose one to decide upon colors who could not tell green from blue, or red from pink. The critic should be competent to judge, and should not abuse his judgment with prejudice, wit, or sarcasm. The same subject may suggest very different reflections to the same individual, depending upon time, place, the feelings, and previous reflections. When friends leave you, Fortune frowns, Disease gnaws the bark from the tree of Happiness, you gaze upon the moon, and it is then the pale, silent listener to your tale of woe; let friends and health return, and the bright silver moon-beams dance upon the gentle waves. If a work has no merits, it is beneath criticism, as it must show a depraved taste for any one to be seen playing in a filthy pool; and commendation of excellences and beauties is as much a part of criticism as censure of defects. A critic should be a friend, tell us for our own benefit where he thinks we are in fault; and in this he may be mistaken, since no man may justly claim perfection. He should advise us of such things as are commendable, that we may compare his taste with others', leave failures, and cultivate parts more pleasing and successful.'

'The same subject,' says our author, 'may suggest very different reflections to the same individual, depending upon the time, place, the feelings, and previous reflections.' Exactly: and if our young friend will allow us, we will state in the outset what sort of 'reflection' was 'suggested' to our mind by this comparison of 'Disease gnawing the bark from the tree of Happiness:' namely, an old mare, afflicted with the 'heaves,' gnawing the bark from a tree, on the shady side of a country meeting-house. But, as we have already said, it is not our purpose to 'criticise;' for even in this we

'may be mistaken.' Our first extract is from the poetical dedication, which commences figuratively and felicitously :

'THERE is a story, which you may have seen,
About a duck which was a little green,
That floated on a pond one pleasant night,
Saw there a star upon the water bright,
Plunged deeply for it through the liquid flood,
And run its head some inches in the mud.
The moral of this tale you well may ken —
Its application both to books and men;
The question now before you seems to be,
Will this apply to 'Inklings' and to me?
The book was written, little at a time,
Some parts of it in Boyhood's sunny clime,
Before I well had learned to scan a rhyme;
The verse was chiefly written since the chime
Of English bards fell sweetly on the ear,
And sense and sound combined the heart to cheer.
To please, instruct, has been the only aim
Which honest efforts for the work may claim :
To throw a moral sunshine round the hearth,
The dear-loved place where virtues have their birth.'

We shall now proceed to quote the opening passages of several 'compositions,' which will afford some idea of the prose style of our young author; beginning with some remarks '*Upon Spring* :

'SPRING is the most delightful season of the year. The temperature is the most favorable for health, which prepares man the better to enjoy its exquisite loveliness. The odor of flowers and shrubbery is borne upon the gentle breeze, and then the music of the feathered songsters which greets the ear is of the most delightful kind. But spring may be better appreciated by contrasting it with the other seasons of the year. Winter, with its dull monotony of snow and storms, has passed away; Summer, with its oppressive heat, is approaching; and Spring, mild and playful, like the lamb which sports in the green pasture, stays a short time, and then glides into sultry Summer.

'How much like spring is the season of youth, when the budding intellect and fancy seem to revel in their own sweet profusion! Human existence is frequently compared to a wilderness or desert, and the actors in life's drama are likened unto the traveller of some barren waste, whose present enjoyment is derived from anticipation of future good, or from pleasing reflections upon the past. Whatever happiness we may occasionally experience from the present hour, there are many, many times, when the vacuum which we feel, if not the positive pain, compels us to acknowledge the truth of this representation. Man seldom or never rests satisfied with his present condition, however prosperous: and whatever may be his efforts to bring his rebellious passions into subjection to the will of HEAVEN, they will sometimes escape through some unguarded avenue of the heart, and travel in search of riches, pleasure, or power. But experience teaches us to restrain the ardor, and moderate the expectations of youth.'

Our next extract, which is very brief, is an introduction to an essay entitled '*A Composition* :

'To be able to describe correctly occurrences and scenes, and whatever we see and hear, is very desirable, but not often attainable. Some, however, possess this power in a much greater degree than others; and although we claim no superiority in this particular, yet, as it is a very desirable trait, we feel disposed to attempt its cultivation by an inadequate description of a 'Composition.' 'A Composition' is one of those rare things which, from their very nature, are difficult to describe, varying with its author from the sublime to the ridiculous; and hence, the only way in which it can be done, is to be governed by general rules, and call extreme cases their exceptions.'

The next dog's-ear in the volume before us indicates the *locale* of a treatise '*On the Choice of a Profession*,' in which the following facts are set forth :

'The choice of a profession or occupation for life is an event of such frequent occurrence, that it cannot excite interest by its novelty, and yet the magnitude of the conse-

quences which depend upon the choice is probably never fully appreciated. The happiness of a man's whole life often depends materially upon his wisdom in choosing an occupation, to which his natural abilities, taste, habits, and previous acquirements, all unite in directing him, as the one in which he may reasonably hope for success. And if it be true that there is a natural difference in talent, ability, or capacity to learn, this difference should carefully be considered in the choice of a profession or occupation. The 'natural traits of character,' as they are sometimes called, may eminently qualify an individual for some particular occupation, and may almost insure his success in *that*; and these very 'traits' may make eminence doubtful in any other pursuit.'

Turning farther on, we find an 'Inkling' '*On Envy*,' a subject which is thus 'opened up' to the reader:

'WE admire the noble characteristics of our nature. They are something upon which the poet and philosopher have ever dwelt with peculiar pleasure. They have always been the favorite theme of song and declamation. And surely benevolence, beneficence, and charity can never be extolled beyond their worth, for they are the chain which binds society together, the luminaries which cast a ray of sunshine over scenes darkened by the prevalence of baser passions. Yet, as much as we admire them, and gladly as we would linger upon their loveliness, the compound mixture of human nature makes it painfully necessary to attend to those viler propensities which sow the seed of discord and contention. And we would do it without exaggeration, and with all becoming charity; for without charity, while man is imperfect, harmony can never long exist.'

From an 'Inkling' on the '*Obligations of American Youth*' we take the ensuing passage. It strikes us forcibly, 'at this present writing,' that we have seen the same sentiments, better expressed, before: but we 'may be mistaken.'

'WHEN we look around us and behold the happy condition of our country, the success which has attended its enterprises, and the general prosperity which prevails through its extensive dominions, there is a charm which mingles with the feelings of every American; and the bosom is agitated with emotion, when we contrast the present with the past, and hear recounted from the lips of the veteran, the tragic scenes which obtained our freedom. Every class of citizens rejoices in reviewing the past and anticipating the future; but none with more enthusiasm than the youth of this republic. The past presents them scenes which they are proud to contemplate—scenes of toil and danger, I had almost said, without a parallel. A few years since, and what may now be called a powerful republic was an infant colony, driven by the persecutions of the old world from the land of its nativity and the comforts of civilized life, to the gloomy shores west of the Atlantic, whose only inhabitant was the merciless savage. Few we denominate men, would purchase even liberty and all its blessings with so much expense. But they were inured to hardship, and no danger or privation could appal them when an unfettered conscience was the recompense. They prized liberty as the greatest boon which HEAVEN could bestow; and while they were securing for themselves its blessings, they were conscious of laying the foundation for the prosperity and happiness of future generations, which would yet rise and call them blessed.'

As this is a scientific age, and many things are done now that were not used to be done, hear our young author's profound thoughts on *that* theme:

'THE present is an age remarkable for discoveries and improvements, not in any one department of human enterprise, but in all the various callings which men pursue. The patents and labor-saving machines which have been invented within a quarter of a century, are almost numberless. Various departments of science have, through the penetrating investigation of the present age, been brought to a much greater state of perfection than formerly was known. Subjects intricate and abstruse have been found to be based upon a few simple, elementary principles, and hence their investigation requires less time and produces more pleasure. But there are fields which the most sagacious have endeavored to explore, without success. Some, indeed, profess to have made important discoveries in them, but their plans, being impracticable, are viewed as chimerical schemes. Yet, notwithstanding former failures, who can doubt that this age, in which blind prejudice and superstition are to bid the world an everlasting farewell, in which men are not influenced in their belief upon a subject by their more illiterate ancestors, but by the results of deep-searching investigation; who can doubt that such an age will produce geniuses who will be able to overcome every obstacle in exploring these untried paths?'

In considering farther these prose 'compositions,' we must content ourselves with the thoughts '*On Contentment*,' and one other, with which we shall contrast it:

'Among the many rules which have been given by the wise in different ages for advancing the happiness of man, there is one which has been universally adopted in theory, but almost wholly disregarded in practice. The sentiment it contains has been so long and so generally admitted as true, that it might perhaps with some propriety be called a proverb, if there be any particular distinction in the terms; but be that as it may, its well-known name is Contentment. This rule maintains that contentment is felicity, and that all who wish to be happy have only to bound their wishes by their power to gratify them. If this be true, it is a much better way for men to obtain their object—for the grand object of all is happiness—than the various methods so eagerly pursued by most men. It is not the lot of all who seek wealth to obtain it; and the few who accomplish their purpose, prove by experience the unsatisfying nature of the reality, which disappoints their expectations!'

Now, in 'compositions,' it is the wont of school-boys to 'put the best foot foremost;' and this we have permitted our author to do: and we now say to him, in all friendliness, that as he grows older, he will assuredly regret having placed such platitudes before the public. Did he think them new, or presented in any new form? Did he expect them to 'instruct' any body, beyond what they had heard a hundred times before, in language as felicitous as his is *jejune* and common-place? What has he said, in all these extracts, that is not simply an 'incontrovertible fact' only, and as 'old as the seven hills?' Will it not remind his reader of the lines:

'Bosron is n't in Bengal;
Flannel drawers are n't made of tripe;
Lobsters wear no spees at all,
And cows do n't smoke the German pipe?'

Nor is our author much more to be commended in his fanciful than in his 'instructive' essays. Witness these sage reflections on a rainy day:

'Who has never seen a rainy day? This question requires no direct answer, for the answer is implied in the question itself. Rainy days may be divided into two great classes, literal and figurative. The literal may be subdivided into a variety almost equal to the number of flowers which some botanist has given—forty thousand; leaving a great variety to blush unseen, and wither without even a name. But what is a rainy day? Day, as distinguished from night, includes the time between the rising and setting of the sun; and rain is water descending from the clouds, sometimes slowly and in small particles, sometimes swiftly, and in numberless drops, filling the whole atmosphere, equal in diameter to the largest shot which sportsmen use for ducks and pigeons. It is fortunate for human bipeds that those large drops are made of a liquid substance, and with specific gravity less than the metal referred to, otherwise the prediction of a certain MILLER might have been accomplished before it was prognosticated.'

Now, to show how much better our young author *can* write when he is not 'making a 'composition' right out of his head,' take this little gem of a picture from an extract of a letter to a friend:

'THINGS here remain in statu quo. We have storms and sunshine, about the usual quantity of fogs and clouds, and some fair weather, when shadows can only be seen as you turn from the sun or remove to the shade. For my part, give me the south side of the fence when the sun shines: and as for storms, the most agreeable shower is when it rains sugar-plums. When spring returns again, I intend to chase the first butter-fly that comes along. Speaking of butter-flies, reminds me of school-boy days long since passed away, when we would gather around a score of little yellow-wings, and watch them as they changed companions, fluttering around in groups, and then floating away to extract honey from a thistle-flower. Once we found a large one with various colors, and after a long chase we caught it in a hat, and one of us having a handkerchief with which the hat was covered, we alternately took a peep with as much pleasure as large boys look through glasses at pictures of cities. One discovered only a variety of beautiful colors:

another discovered the letter W in black on the wings, and said it meant that there would be War very soon; and a little girl saw a fan, which, she said, the butterfly used without doubt when it was warm.'

Now this is natural, simple, unpretending, and shows the writer to be an observer and a lover of the 'little things' in Nature, which go to make up the satisfying joy of her devotee. And how much better is it than all the stilted, pumped-up affectation of style or feeling in the world?

We can say but little for Mr. PRATT's poetry. He has some facility, and many faults, in verse-making. His thoughts are often not without merit, although seldom new, or expressed with originality. This we could prove by numerous passages we had pencilled, but for which we have no space. Our belief is, that he has sent to press, in the well-executed book under notice, very many things that a more mature judgment would have kept from the public eye; and that he will live to thank us for indicating thus much to him, with a frankness that has nothing in it beside a wish to do him a service.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE, VOYAGE OF LIFE, and other Pictures, of THOMAS COLE, N. A. With Selections from his Letters and Miscellaneous Writings, illustrative of his Life, Character, and Genius. By LOUIS L. NOBLE. In one volume: pp. 415. New-York: CORNISH, LAMPORT, AND COMPANY.

THIS work will be welcomed with pleasure by the numerous admirers of Mr. COLE, both as a man and an artist. It proceeds from the pen of a friend and neighbor, himself a writer of honorable repute, both in prose and verse, who knew his subject intimately; at the time, moreover, when the great pictures which will carry COLE's name down to posterity, in connection with the history of the highest art of the country, were perpetually-recurring themes of conversation between the artist and his friend, by which his feelings, thoughts, and intellectual processes, became matters of constant and familiar observation. As to the characteristics of Mr. COLE's pencil, the bent and purpose of his mind, and his personal bearing and manner, our readers will remember that we presented an extended consideration of them, in extracts from an excellent address by Mr. BRYANT, published soon after the death of his lamented friend. In the present volume the reader will be enabled to follow Mr. COLE from his birth and school-days to the day of his death; embracing his early love for nature and art; his pedestrian tours in the West as a portrait-painter; his voyages abroad; his study of nature in Italy and Switzerland, and of the old masters at Rome; with letters and criticisms upon all that he felt and all that he saw. In these, those who knew Mr. COLE as we did, could scarcely fail to possess the deepest interest; nor will they prove of much less interest to readers who had not that pleasure. He was heart and soul a painter. He worshipped NATURE as a mistress, and ART as her lovely hand-maid. It was impossible to stand with him by the side of one of his beautiful and preëminently suggestive and instructive pictures, and not feel that you had by your side a Christian, a soul-full painter, and a practical worshipper of 'divine NATURE.' We have never forgotten a few remarks which he made, many years ago in the sanctum, upon the influence of Greek art in successive ages, and the living character of its beauty.

Mr. NOBLE has performed his labor of friendship lovingly and well. If there is a fault to be found with his volume, we should point to what we consider the somewhat exaggerated praise of his subject's 'conversational powers.' Mr. COLE was a modest, simple, plain-speaking man, of feeling and of true poetical sensibility, and he expressed unaffectedly what he *felt*; but to our conception, he was the farthest possible removed from that class of talkers who 'speak,' not because they have any thing to say, but because they have earned the reputation of '*conversationists*;' a species of intolerable bores whom, when we encounter, we straightway long for the hat that sits on the table in the hall, and an early opportunity to escape from the 'wishy, washy, everlasting flood' of lingual exercises, into the open air. Mr. COLE's written descriptions, either of objects in nature or in art, or of his personal emotions, were also always characteristically simple and direct. His communications to the KNICKERBOCKER, both in prose and verse, were of this description, as many of our earlier readers will well remember. Mr. NOBLE has made his selections with good taste, and we heartily commend his volume to a cordial public acceptance. The enterprising publishers have presented the book in a handsome form and dress; leaving us nothing to regret, save the absence of a few good engravings, representing some of the renowned pictures of which the volume treats. Perhaps this may be done in some subsequent edition.

PRISMATICS. By RICHARD HAYWARDE. Illustrated with Wood-Engravings from Designs by ELLIOTT, DARLEY, KENSSETT, HICKS, and ROSSITER. In one volume: pp. 235. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

A MERE announcement of the publication of this very beautiful volume has already been made in these pages; but we reluct at permitting it to pass without farther notice, simply because a portion of its contents has appeared, at different times, in the KNICKERBOCKER. It is too rare an occurrence for a gentleman, engaged in the arduous and toilful pursuits of trade, to employ his hours of leisure in intellectual recreations, which confer pleasure alike upon himself and his readers, to pass without remark and without commendation. But the work before us claims no especial consideration on *that* score. It is not as a piece of penmanship from the hand of a blind man, or a musical composition from a deaf mute, that this genial book is to be regarded. It affords in itself another and a striking illustration of the fact, that our best writers are not always those who devote themselves to literature strictly as a profession. We can call to mind—we *do* call to mind involuntarily, as we write—American 'authors,' so-called, who in any half dozen of their works cannot show a tithe of the keen observation of men and manners, the perception and clear limnings of the beautiful in nature, and the truthful delineations and contrasts of character, which may be found in this volume. And now, even at the risk of repeating a portion of our Magazine to some of our older readers, we must be pardoned for calling attention to a few gems of description, which if *we* re-read with renewed pleasure, in the book before us, it may be assumed will not be less interesting to those who follow us in

this notice. The lines entitled '*A Babylonish Ditty*' have been frequently quoted, but we wish to call attention to three or four stanzas from it, as combining, to our conception, the beauty of a painted landscape, and the 'rarest art of musical words:—'

'THERE amid the sandy reaches, in among the pines and beeches,
Oaks; and various other kinds of old primeval forest-trees,
Did we wander in the noon-light, or beneath the silver moon-light,
While in ledges sighed the sedges to the salt salubrious breeze.

'Oh! I loved her as a sister—often, often-times I kissed her,
Holding prest against my vest her slender, soft, seductive hand;
Often, by my mid-night taper, filled at least a quire of paper
With some graphic ode, or sapphic, 'To the nymph of Baby-land.'

'Oft we saw the dim blue high-lands, Coney, Oak, and other islands,
(Moles that dot the dimpled bosom of the sunny summer sea,)
Or 'mid polished leaves of lotus, whereso'er our skiff' would float us,
Any where, where none could note us, there we sought alone to be.

'Thus till summer was senescent, and the woods were iridescent,
Dolphin-tints, and hectic-hints of what was shortly coming on,
Did I worship AMY MILTON: fragile was the faith I built on!
Then we parted; broken-hearted I, when she left Babylon.

'As upon the moveless water lies the motionless frigata,
Flings her spars and spidery outlines lightly on the lucid plain,
But, whene'er the fresh breeze bloweth, to more distant oceans goeth,
Never more the old haunt knoweth, never more returns again—

'So is Woman evanescent; shifting with the shifting present;
Changing like the changing tide, and faithless as the fickle sea;
Lighter than the wind-blown thistle; falser than the fowler's whistle
Was that coaxing piece of hoaxing—AMY MILTON's love to me.'

These are lines that require no comment. They carry their own commendation with them. The poem of '*Hetabel*,' which is almost equally felicitous, appeared too recently in these pages, as one of the 'CENTURY PAPERS,' to be quoted here. The essay on '*Old Books*,' in its loving appreciation of the writers of the golden days of Old English Literature, will continually remind the reader of CHARLES LAMB; a man whom our author resembles in more points than one. If, like LAMB, he is, in business-hours, a 'slave to the day-book and ledger,' his tranquil evenings, like ELIA's, have evidently been passed in affectionate companionship with his 'beloved folios.'

The story of '*Aunt Miranda*' appeared in advance of the publication of 'PRISMATICS,' in the KNICKERBOCKER; and many an eye has moistened over its simple but most effective records. '*Orange-Blossoms*,' a tale of love and marriage, is no whit behind it, in picturesque grouping of scene and character; but to that we must commend the reader in the volume itself. From '*The First Oyster-Eater*' we select a single passage, describing the manner in which that fortunate individual first 'scraped acquaintance' with that now illustrious bivalve:

'THE word OYSTER is unquestionably *primitive*. The broad open vowel-sound is, beyond a doubt, the *primal*, spontaneous thought that found utterance when the soft, seductive mollusc first exposed its white bosom in its pearly shell to the enraptured gaze of aboriginal man! Is there a question about it? Does not every one know, when he sees an oyster, that *that is its name*? And hence we reason that it originated in Britain, was latinized by the Romans, replevined by the Saxons, corrupted by the Teutons, and finally barbecued by the French. Oh, philological ladder by which we mount upward, until we emerge beneath the clear vertical light of Truth!! Methinks I see the FIRST OYSTER-EATER! A brawny, naked savage, with his wild hair matted over his

wild eyes, a zodiac of fiery stars tattooed across his muscular breast—unclad, unsandalled, hirsute and hungry—he breaks through the under-woods that margin the beach, and stands alone upon the sea-shore, with nothing in one hand but his unsuccessful boar-spear, and nothing in the other but his fist. There he beholds a splendid panorama! The west all a-glow; the conscious waves blushing as the warm sun sinks to their embraces; the blue sea on his left; the interminable forest on his right; and the creamy sea-sand curving in delicate tracery between. A *Picture* and a *Child* of Nature! Delightedly he plunges in the foam, and swims to the bald crown of a rock that uplifts itself above the waves. Seating himself, he gazes upon the calm expanse beyond, and swings his legs against the moss that spins its filmy tendrils in the brine. Suddenly he utters a cry; springs up; the blood streams from his foot. With barbarous fury he tears up masses of sea-moss, and with it, clustering families of testacea. Dashing them down upon the rock, he perceives a liquor exuding from the fragments; he sees the white, pulpy, delicate morsel half-hidden in the cracked shell, and instinctively reaching upward, his hand finds mouth, and amidst a savage, triumphant deglutition, he murmurs—OYSTER!! Champing, in his uncouth fashion, bits of shell and sea-weed, with uncontrollable pleasure he masters this mystery of a new sensation, and not until the gray veil of night is drawn over the distant waters, does he leave the rock, covered with the trophies of his victory.

For an example of analytical criticism, we would commend to the perusal of the reader the essay upon '*Wit and Humor*,' and the remarks upon '*Alliteration*.' In the latter, we think that in some instances the writer has carried his theory a little too far; although the general argument is unquestionably well based. In quoting examples of the liquidity of the letter *l* in poetry, two passages, among others cited, might have been presented, which always struck us (naturally enough, perhaps) as very beautiful. The first embraces two stanzas from the '*Lines on Laurel Hill Cemetery*,' near Philadelphia, by the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK; and the second the last two lines of a closing stanza in another little poem by the same writer:

'HERE the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
Life's lingering languors o'er, its labors done,
Where waving boughs betwixt the earth and sky
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.'

'Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
With funeral-pace and slow, shall enter in,
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer, and no more to sin.'

When, or in what occasional fugitive effusion the couplet below appeared, we do not now remember; but we think it formed the conclusion of a brief tribute to a lady-friend, in the pages of an album, when those 'omnium-gatherums' of poor verse and worse prose were more in vogue than at present:

'Oh, who on earth would love to live,
Unless he lived to love?'

We cannot dismiss this volume without adverting to the high character of its illustrations and its typography, which reflect so much credit upon the liberality and good taste of the publishers. The designs, which were a 'labor of love' on the part of the eminent artists who prepared them, have been beautifully transferred by the engravers; while the thick, smooth, white paper, and excellent printing, leave nothing to be desired. 'Finally, and to conclude:' a more pleasant companion for an unemployed hour; a more matter-full, enjoyable tome, in a small compass; a work better calculated to please alike the heart, the fancy, and the eye, we cannot now recal, than this

same charming volume of 'PRISMATICS,' by our old correspondent, 'RICHARD HAYWARDE.'

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. In two volumes. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY. Second Notice. 1853.

EMERSON 'hits the nail on the head' when he says of MARGARET FULLER's letters: 'They are tinted with a mysticism which to me appears so much an affair of *constitution*, that it claims no more respect than the charity or patriotism of a man who has dined well, and feels better for it.' The truth is, that MARGARET'S estimate of truth was the highest fact in her consciousness. When very young, as she relates in the touching story of MARIANA, she had been betrayed by a school-girl pique into falsehood and calumny, and discovery was the prelude to reform. From that hour, the love of truth and virtue became the central pivot on which her whole character revolved. Her word and dealings shone transparent as crystal. What she gave, she asked. 'Nothing but truth will do: no love will serve that is not eternal, and as large as the universe.' 'I have known her, by the severity of her truth, mow down a crop of evil like the angel of retribution itself, and could not sufficiently admire her courage. A conversation she had with Mr. —, just before he went to Europe, was one of these things; and there was not a particle of ill-will in it, but it was truth which she could not help seeing and uttering, nor he refuse to accept.

'My friends told me of a similar verdict pronounced upon Mr. —, at Paris, which they said was perfectly tremendous. They themselves sat breathless; Mr. — was struck dumb; his eyes fixed on her with wonder and amazement, yet gazing too with an attention which seemed like fascination. When she had done, he still looked to see if she was to say more; and when he found she had really finished, he arose, took his hat, said faintly, 'I thank you,' and left the room. He afterward said to Mr. —, 'I never shall speak ill of her; she has done me good.'

In August of 1846, MARGARET carried out a long-cherished desire of visiting Europe, in order to a better acquaintance with its forms, ideas, and men, and the attainment of a wider horizon of experience.

There she saw MAZZINI, WORDSWORTH, DE QUINCEY, CHALMERS, JOANNA BAILLIE, the the HOWITTS, SOUTHWOOD SMITH, and CARLYLE. THOMAS CARLYLE, whose talk was as copious and more amusing than that of COLERIDGE, drew from MARGARET the following good-humored complaint: He 'allows no one a chance, but bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority, raising his voice, and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound.' From England again, to Paris, where she saw GEORGE SAND; a woman who 'needs no defence, but only to be understood, for she has bravely acted out her nature, and always with good intentions.' She visited, also, LA MENNAIS, the *Apostle of Democracy*; and BERANGER, the people's poet; and saw and touched the manuscripts of ROUSSEAU, a man of whose genius she stood in great admiration. From Paris to Rome, Florence, Milan, studying the arts of a country whose literature was a part of her existence, and

making many friends; above all, MAZZINI, whose sterling efforts in behalf of Italian progress she fully considered and estimated. 'He has stood alone in Italy, on a sunny height, far above the stature of other men. He has fought a great fight against folly, compromise, and treason; steadfast in his convictions, and of almost miraculous energy to sustain them, is he.'

In December of 1847, MARGARET was privately espoused to GIOVANNI ANGELO OSSOLI, one of the Italian liberals, and endured with him the struggles and trials of the revolution; and on the 17th of May, 1850, amid prayers and presentiments, she embarked with her husband and child on the barque ELIZABETH, for New-York. The story of the shipwreck, the loss, and piratical brutality, has been told by a hundred pens, and is engraved on tens of hundreds of hearts. Only the dead body of the beautiful ANGELINO was rescued, of all MARGARET'S treasures, from that terrible destruction, which swept her, with all the sad vicissitudes of life, into an unexpected grave, but which brought to her the glorified reality, transcending all her hopes, and but faintly typified in the highest hours of her experience.

'In person, MARGARET was rather under the middle height. She had a face and frame that would indicate fulness and tenacity of life; her complexion was fair, with strong fair hair.' She was careful and tasteful in her dress, and of lady-like self-possession. She was naturally inclined to luxury and good appearance before the world. Her temperament was predominantly what the physiologist would call nervous-sanguine. Beauty she had not; but the expressive feature, and air of mingled dignity and impulse, gave her a commanding charm. Such is the description which these volumes give of her person. She was always painfully conscientious in the performance of duties, and thought, read, and wrote much, in defiance of severe bodily pain. Of her character we have spoken much in various parts of this notice. Her life developed itself in common-sense and passionate energy; and these characteristics were always subordinated to a terrible sincerity, stern integrity, and unalterable love of justice and truth. To use her own expression:

'Through the woman's smile looks the male eye.'

The poetic in temperament was strongly developed. She had quick and keen perceptions of the beautiful in nature and art, and derived great satisfaction from the contemplation of lovely forms. She was an intellectual poet, separated from the 'fine frenzy,' and wanting 'the large utterance of the early gods.' Hence, thought usurped the seat of melody, and her poems lacked that beautiful completeness which stamps the true work of art. Her poetry was closely allied to the BARRETT and BROWNING school, indicating the presence of an ideal, which language struggled in the attempt to convey. Writing was, to a degree, always irksome and tiresome to her, and so she relied much on better hours and moments of inspiration for the performance of this task. 'There was somewhat a little pagan about her: she had some faith, more or less distinct, in a fate, and in a guardian genius; *her fancy, or her pride, had played with her religion.*' She was attracted by the problems of Mythology and Demonology, French Socialism, and all projects of reform; set a high value on sorilege, and attached importance to those events and

facts of every day which can be easily resolved into something symbolic and mystical. But the practical side of her character was the truest and best, being disconnected from mysticism and superstition, revealing to advantage her almost superhuman energies of spirit: as witness the vast amount of reading she had digested, the many languages she understood, and the number of her correspondents—one hundred: her sincerity, her humanity, and depth and regard of friendship, her wit and drollery, and the value and advantage of her conversation.

She had an abundance of self-esteem—the demon had been busy at her birth—and monopolized, as by right, the attention and admiration of all to whom she was brought near; and this trait would have appeared more prominently had not its outline been softened, and a certain value given to it, by the courage and heroism with which she faced all duties and situations, and conquered her way to eminence, and a wider horizon of influence.

MARGARET was no sectarian. In all her views she was eminently catholic. She endeavored, in such manner as she knew how, to follow out the higher aspirations of her soul, and willed that all should do the same. Her belief was not chained to dogmas and formulas, but embodied a continual advance and regeneration. She thought and knew that

‘MEN can rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.’

Her religion was emotive and spontaneous; the offspring of enthusiasm, of reverence, and of hope. ‘I will not loathe sects, persuasions, systems, though I cannot abide them one moment, for I see that by most men they are still needed;’ or again: ‘Let me set no limits from the past to my own soul, or to any soul.’ The end and aim of her life was development—self-culture. To understand her character, this must be understood: that self-culture with her was an end, and not a weapon for ambition or display; and though this is not the highest end and aim of life, embodying at it does a ‘profound selfishness,’ it was an end that she fervently pursued, from first to last, and an aim which thoroughly recognized the divinity and immortality of man. Hence the consistency of her experience.

And now, what is the essential idea symbolized in these volumes, in this brave, heroic life?

Clearly, the authors, the volumes, the subject, are originalities, like which nothing has appeared before, and which, in their own way, have a symbolical and typical meaning. No dumb show is here. They speak in a voice articulate and audible; a bugle-blast, echoing through the corridors of materialism, and arousing the indifference of the age into noble thought and brave action. The characters and the ideas appear mystical because they are new. The light that precludes the full-orbed glory of the sun is darkened by shadows, and ‘thick.’ We notice a fixed and unalterable purpose in this book. It is not imagination, nor fancy, nor delusion, nor paganism. These are noble characters, whose experience has been chiselled out of the stern adamant of life. The very form, fibre, and twist of the language denote masculine ideas. The thought does not struggle for expression, as in CARLYLE. It is calm and self-possessed, as in PLATO. And yet, while we

acknowledge the nobility of the aim, and the greatness and serenity of many whose Credo is embodied in Transcendentalism, we profess ourselves skeptical of the means, and doubtful of the implied faith that rests in humanity. We have looked the sphinx steadily in the face, and endeavored to extort the riddle. In respect of genius and intellect, Transcendentalism is before the age, and in respect of charity and catholic good-will, the advantage adheres to its side: but in substituting self-reliance for humble dependence; in explaining away the divinity of CHRIST into a universal meaning; in its endeavor to scale the battlements of heaven without the ladder of ascension; in its disregard of the Bible as an authority, and in its setting at naught all the sayings of tradition, we believe it to be in direct antagonism to the age, and falling day by day into a remote and isolated position. The volumes then stand to us, at last, as an encouragement and a warning. We see how humanity, guided by its better aspirations, and faithful to its loftier impulses, arrives at a certain manly dignity, and practises a certain stoic morality, which is, perhaps, the nearest approach to Christianity ever yet attained by those who have rejected its authoritative signification. But amid all this grandeur and elevation, the crowning virtue seems to us as wanting. We miss the simplicity which dwells in the shrine of a sanctified heart, and beams like the eye of childhood from beneath the brow of manhood and old age. Its intense subjectivity does not leave room for the practice of the more obvious duties of an every-day existence. Self-consciousness is unduly developed. The affections do not bud and expand in an equal degree with the intellect; the heart is made a sacrifice upon the altar of reason; and the faith which beamed as a diadem upon LUTHER's brow, and the martyr-spirit which consumed his soul, resolves itself into a dim, far-off imitation of the original lustre, and is quenched in the icy waters of a cold intellectualism.

POEMS: by ALEXANDER SMITH. In one volume: pp. 192. Boston: TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

We had seen, previous to its publication in this country by the enterprising house whence it proceeds, the most extravagant praise of this volume by several of the London literary journals, accompanied in most cases by extracts in justification of the high encomiums bestowed upon the book. We formed an impression of the work from these extracts, which a perusal of the book itself has only served to confirm. And we have no hesitation in affirming it as our belief, that it is not destined to a lasting reputation. As they say in Scotland, it is 'ow'er sweet to be wholesome.' It is too affluent in imagery to be natural. One can see that such elaborate ornateness, such 'piled-up' fanciful similes, are less the result of pent-up thoughts and poetical imaginings, that must have vent, than the far-fetched, laborious gatherings of one who selects variously and industriously the 'telling' images which have found a place in his memory rather than in his heart. Does the reader remember a work called POLLOK's 'Course of Time?' How it was bepraised by the London critics (whose laudations were echoed by our own) for

its brilliant imagery, its lofty thoughts, the power of its descriptive passages, and the great beauty of its language? Who reads POLLOCK *now*? Who can remember and repeat a single passage of its inflated, stiltish, encumbered descriptions? It will be very much the same case with this volume of Mr. SMITH within the brief space of five years.

Now MEMORY is the best of critics. To say nothing of what may happen in the 'course of time,' we venture to believe that even *now* the most extravagant admirers of Mr. SMITH cannot repeat any six consecutive lines, even from passages which they have praised so highly; and the reason is, that the composition is so crowded, that it is like recollecting the hues of a kaleidoscope to recall its beauties, numerous and striking though they may be, when taken simply. We are as far from being satisfied as the London *Examiner*, one of the foremost of the English critical authorities, that Mr. SMITH is a poet, although we hold, with that journal, that he is 'capable of writing highly poetical things, and has at his command *many of the ingredients out of which poems are made.*' That's it exactly: it tells the whole story.

Our contemporary of '*The Times*' daily journal, in an able review of this volume of Mr. SMITH, has shown, by comparative extracts, that in several instances his plagiarisms from TENNYSON are gross and palpable; and has also collated a few of the exuberances of which we have spoken:

'His worst fault is the excessive superfluity of his imagery. Almost every page contains a lavish waste of sea-imagery. Poor old OCEANUS! Mr. SMITH leads him a weary dance. Now he is 'a garrulous old gray-beard;' presently he is 'young and passion-panting;' in the next page, he is 'moaning like a monster pained;' anon, he is 'a weak enamored sea,' in love with 'some young wanton of an isle;' then he sends up 'mad spoomings to the stars;' then he 'watches the stars in their unveiled beauty;' then he gets 'white with wrath,' and 'strikes at the stars.' There are between two and three hundred allusions to the sea, either by way of metaphor, allegory, simile, or fancy run mad, in Mr. SMITH's volume. Nor does the moon fare much better. She is 'a widow;' she is 'a swimmer;' she is 'setting silver on the sea;' she allows the waves to *shoulder her*, to obtain one of her smiles; she 'rushes like a stag;' directly afterward she is 'a patient sufferer, pale with pain;' presently she is 'a pale propheticess;' then she is 'a white flower in the sky;' then she is 'full-faced;' and in a minute afterward, she is 'streaming through the sky' in a frightened manner, with a pack of 'hungry clouds' at her heels. There must be at least a hundred appearances of the moon in Mr. SMITH's volume. It is the same—it is even worse—with the stars. They 'shout;' they are 'breathless;' they 'hang like fruit;' they are 'hounds chasing a stag;' they are 'listening to songs;' they are 'hanging on the music of a nightingale;' they 'pant with passion;' they 'reel;' they 'tremble;' they 'bleed;' they 'yearn;' they 'are glad;' they 'are frightened;' they are 'silent and throbbing;' they are 'golden-voiced clarions.' Mr. SMITH crowds simile upon simile, and illustration upon illustration, with a lavishness that beggars description. And some of the critics have adduced this diarrhoea of fancy as an evidence of his poetical genius. Alas, if he has genius, he has no judgment; for almost always are his images superfluous and inapt. 'His violations of good taste are frequent and enormous. He talks of a 'cataract of golden curls.' As if 'a cataract of curls' were not sufficient, we have also 'shoals of curls.' These absurdities are so numerous that we could fill a column with them.'

Yes; and there are other objects in nature upon which Mr. SMITH has rung the changes of mere words, until one scarcely knows what he really means to convey. He is a laborious collector of 'gems' which he surrounds with a setting of Scotch 'cairn-gorm.'

It would be hardly fair, after all that we have said, not to permit our new poet to represent himself, by two or three extracts, in these pages; and we choose those which we believe have been the least quoted among the many

that have been presented in the reviews which we have encountered. The first is a charming inventory-picture, a quiet country-sketch of one of England's 'cottage-homes:'

'WEALTH of all flowers grew in that garden green,
And the old porch with its great oaken door
Was smothered in rose-blooms, while o'er the walls
The honeysuckle clung deliciously.
Before the door there lay a plot of grass,
Snowed o'er with daisies — flower by all beloved,
And famous in song — and in the midst
A carved fountain stood, dried up and broken,
On which a peacock stood and sunned itself;
Beneath, two petted rabbits, snowy white,
Squatted upon the sward.
A row of poplars darkly rose behind,
Around whose tops, and the old-fashioned vanes,
White pigeons fluttered, and o'er all was bent
The mighty sky, with sailing sunny clouds.'

After a long absence, and changed by many sad experiences and wasting thoughts, the poet stands once more in his garden, in silence and alone:

'SUMMER hath murmured with her leafy lips
Around my home, and I have heard her not;
I've missed the process of three several years,
From shaking wind-flowers to the tarnished gold
That rustles sere on Autumn's aged limbs.
I went three years ago, and now return,
As stag sore hunted a long summer-day
Creeps in the eve to its deep forest-home. [A pause.
This is my home again! Once more I hail
The dear old gables and the creaking vanes.
It stands all flecked with shadows in the moon,
Patient, and white, and woeful. 'Tis so still,
It seems to brood upon its youthful years,
When children sported on its ringing floors,
And music trembled through its happy rooms.
'T was here I spent my youth, as far removed
From the great heavings, hopes, and fears of man,
As unknown isle asleep in unknown seas.
Gone my pure heart, and with it happy days;
No manna falls around me from on high;
Barely from off the desert of my life
I gather patience and severe content.'

A single passage more must close our extracts. It has some of the beauties, and one or two of the faults, which characterize the imagery of our author:

'THE terror-stricken rain
Flings itself wildly on the window-panes,
Imploring shelter from the chasing wind.
Alas! to-night in this wide waste of streets
It beats on human limbs as well as walls!
God led EVE forth into the empty world
From Paradise. Could our great Mother come
And see her children now, what sight were worst —
A worker woke by cruel Day, the while
A kind dream feeds with sweetest phantom-bread
Him and his famished ones; or when the Wind,
With shuddering fingers, draws the veil of smoke,
And scares her with a battle's bleeding face?'

We take our leave of the present volume, with the assured conviction that we shall hear again from Mr. SMITH, and more to his advantage, when time shall have pruned his redundant imagination, and made him more reliant upon his heart and his judgment than upon his memory-trammelled fancy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Up the River, April 20.

'I WAS much amused to-day by the antics of a herd of young heifers who held possession of a wheat-field, led on by the pertinacity of a little bull. His forehead was just turgescient with the coming horns, but he roared with the lusty voice of a young lion, and galloped furiously from pursuit, throwing up the clods and waving his tail in the air. I was walking in the garden, looking with a hopeful eye upon the sprouting dock-leaves and the peeping buds of the gooseberry-bushes, when awakened from my meditations by loud bellowings, accompanied by the cry of 'Coof! coof!' and the angry protestations of the farmer and his boys. The field of wheat was green and tempting, presenting a solitary patch of verdure, for the hardy blade flourishes in the cold soil. It had already solicited the appetite of a street-hog, who would make his daily inroad, nudging up the bars with his strong snout, or squeezing his body underneath them through a narrow space, enough to break his bones, or tear out all the bristles on his back. Day by day the porker was driven from the field, but to the young heifers the green blade was so appetizing that they were loth to give it up. The farmer had taken down the bars, and several times, with great industry, got the cattle in a corner, when the little bull impatiently threw up his heels, rushed past the guards with irresistible violence, and immediately the whole herd broke. This process was repeated half a dozen times, until the success of the rebellion and resolute conduct of the heifers invested the affair with a degree of excitement. Sitting on a rail, I laughed at the angry farmers, and wished well to the efforts of the ring-leader bull. With what appetite the flock grazed in the field corners when the pursuers were afar off!—and on the approach of the latter, their irruption was like that of buffaloes on the plains. It was not without great uproar, and the calling in of additional help, and repeated cries of 'Coof! coof!' and the exhaustion of the bucolic vocabulary, that they were got out of the enclosures, the *rex gregis* leaving them with a flying vault and angry toss of the head. No doubt they preferred the succulent pasture to solitary cud-chewing in the stall. Poor little bull! In a week after, a rope was fastened about his neck, passed through an iron ring in the barn-floor, and I heard his smothered bellowings as his hornless head was

drawn down, and the clattering noise which his hoofs made in his heavy fall. *Procumbit humi bos.*

'I once witnessed the breaking of an immense herd of cattle coming from Weehawken down the hills to Hoboken. They tore through the streets of Jersey City with terrific violence, tossing up on their horns any stray child or old woman who could not get out of the way. Pedestrians hammered at the locked-up gates for admission, and nimbleness took possession of the knees which had bidden farewell to the springing elasticity of youth. It was a Sunday eve, when the population was all in motion, and women wore the most variegated colors on their way to church. Until mid-night I heard the hoofs of the horsemen clattering through the streets, and the echo of the herdsmen's voices among the hills, collecting the cattle with those well-known coaxing cries and objurgations known to them. In all other respects, the evening was invested with a sacred stillness.

'It has become a moot point whether we ought to feast upon the flesh of beasts. And never are we more inclined to take the negative of the question than when appetite begins to flag on the approach of summer, and the green and crisp things of the earth abound in gardens, and, one by one, the fruits for whose prosperity we have been so long praying, 'that in due time we may enjoy them,' appeal to the eye in the ruddy flush of their ripeness, to the smell by their pervading fragrance, and to the taste by their luscious flavor. Then do we turn away from the steaming kitchen with disgust, and abhor the greasy feast as we would the lapping of train-oil. Where the whole country is a vast ice-house, vegetation does not exist, and the body craves unguents; and even if roots and tender vegetables could be obtained, they would not suffice for its protection. While the summer lasts, we think it may possibly be sinful to consume flesh, but to feed upon it the year round is enough to turn men into brutes. Show us a tender-hearted butcher, and he shall have a gold cup, or ought to have one. Will he let the calves' heads hang out of the wagon, and their soft black eyes be extirpated by the grazing wheel? Will he not bear the lambs to slaughter in comfortable positions, and 'gently lead those which are with young?' Then may he ask for the hand of the shepherd's daughter, and not till then.

'But I say that when the weather becomes hot, 'much meat I not desire.' It is the favorite roosting-place of flies, which make the very ointment of the apothecary to smell bad. Bread and butter is a theme, however homely, on which a volume might be written. Although the appetite may tire of other things, on this substantial ground it makes a stand. It must be trained to the liking of far-fetched cookery, while the taste acquired at so much pains, departs suddenly. Civilized men enjoy one kind of food, and cannibals another. Some are very simple in their habits, and like the boy, Cyrus, at the courtly table of his grand-father, wonder at the multitude of dishes. But no man, Christian or heathen, ever quarrels with his bread and butter. It is acceptable the year round, and the taste for it is universal, and never palls. You cannot eat it to a surfeit, or ever return to it with disgust. If it is of a bad quality, that does not destroy your affection. You blame the baker, but stick to the bread. *Good bread and butter in the summer*

time are peculiarly delicious,—the very staff of life. When the flour is of the finest wheat, the yeast of a buoyant nature, and the loaf, with its crust properly baked, has the whiteness of snow and lightness of a sponge; when the butter has the flavor of the fresh grass and the color of new-minted gold, eat to your heart's content, and desire nothing else. When you have come in at the noon-tide hour, wearied with your expedition to the mountain-top, your walk in the woods, your sail on the lake, or your botanizing in the meadows; when you have labored faithfully in the garden, rooting out the weeds from the cucumbers and green peas, the sweet-corn and cauliflowers, which are to grace your table, contracting a sharp appetite from the smell of the mould; when you have returned with wood-cock from the swamp, or have been 'a fishynge;' and then the golden butter and fresh bread are set before you, garnished perhaps with a well-dressed lettuce, or a few short-top scarlet radishes, each crackling and brittle as glass, well may you disdain the aid of cooks, for it is a feast which an anchorite might not refuse, and which an epicure might envy.'

'MAY 20. — At the close of a sultry day it had rained copiously, and just as the violence of the storm abated into a soft and melting shower, the setting sun burst forth with brilliance, edging the dark clouds with a superb phylactery, and presently there sprang across the sky a rain-bow of surpassing beauty. Each time that it is newly bent, we welcome it anew—most precious emblem!—and almost fancy that we see the plumes of climbing angels on this JACOB'S-ladder. For there it shines undimmed, unfaded in its primal light, as when it overarched the lessening flood, and the weary dove first nestled among the green olive-branches.

'I have stood by the mountain-stream, and day by day heard the sound of the chisel and ringing of the workman's hammer, and after a long time have seen the solid arch, a miracle of human art, thrown over the fearful gulf or over the very brows of the misty cataract. But now, while you cast down your eyes and lift them up again, the vacant chasm of the air is over-bridged with slabs of radiant colors, with not more sound than of the falling feather; for lo! you say, 'There is a rainbow in the sky!' All great things are done without noise, and the processes of Nature are all silent. Sitting at 'the gate of the Temple which is called Beautiful,' you see the great halls of the Creation festooned with glory, and yet you could not tell when the blade shot up, or when the plant bloomed, or when the tree budded. It is like the breaking out of the morning light, beam upon beam; it is like the declension of evening, shadow upon shadow. And so I thought while looking out upon the bursting vegetation. The wet grass sparkled; the cups of the flowers were brimming full; the streams fell with a tinkling sound into the cisterns at the house-corners; the trees dripped down the dews, all sweetened with the blossoms of the lilac and the apple; the birds trimmed their gay plumage, and the stems were lifted up, and all things wore a refreshed look, when suddenly out of the ink-black clouds, over-against the golden sun, I beheld the broad sweep of that celestial arc—its beautiful beams laid deep down in the blue waters, and its splendid key-stone at the very zenith of the heavens!

'At such times, we think of the marvellous and exact analogy which there is between the moral and the physical, and that both without and within there is a succession of the like changes, contrasts, relations, movements. In sky, earth, sea, air, we follow these remarkable resemblances.

'In either province, lights and shadows make up all the pictures which we know. For there is a dark and lonesome winter of the soul, but soon we come again upon a belted space of more than vernal loveliness, when pleasant influences, graces of life, and all-abounding charities lie in our path, just like the sweet procession of the flowers; spring-times of youth and beauty, when all goes merry as a marriage-bell; and if at times we glide into the eclipse of sorrow, or struggle in the choking flood, once more the sun-shine breaks upon the scene and paints the sign of heavenly promise. Oh! when we think of what the rain-bow is the pledge, does it not seem appropriate that it should be the ideal of beauty?

'THE airy child of vapor and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion;
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun.

'It is because the Word of God can never fail, that those colors are never faded; and still they glow, and burn, and flicker from our sight, only to return again when the sky looks dark, with brighter promise. Thus, CHAMPOLLION-like, we sit down to interpret the most beautiful hieroglyphics, because we must look upon every outward phenomenon as a transfer into symbol of some deep and spiritual truth. For the whole world is a myth, and every thing which it contains is an emblem. Oh! that picture-language of the sky, the air, the sea, the earth, the flowers! Oh! that matter-full page, so inscribed with eloquence and with inspired poem! From the high mountain-top I read onward to the horizon's edge, and the rocks stand like antiquated characters; and every water-fall is a silver dash; and every stream is like the transcription of a flowing pencil. In the enamelled mead I walk along as one who holds a volume in his hand, all thickly pencilled with mysterious characters, passing from leaf to leaf, from flower to painted flower, transferring each to some celestial grace, meeting at every step a benediction. It is the one language which all may read, and the dumb with astonishment, hold up his fingers. The soul of the rose flits in fragrance from its falling petals. All that is bright must fade; but, as the poet has it, the very

————— 'ashes of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.'

'The vine clammers to the highest point, but its supplicating tendrils still stretch upward. So the affections wind themselves about the strongest objects of the earth, while their tenderest fibres seek support from heaven. As in the unruffled stream I see the skies mirrored, tint for tint, and shadow for shadow, so there is no transcript of a better world, save in a tranquil bosom. Walk in the quiet woods at noon-tide, guided in your path by the faint hint of former footsteps, brushing from before you the briars which almost at every step encrown your head with thorns, as well as the silver thread of spider swaying in the breeze; and there too, you will find

'Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,
And good in every thing.'

'If we view it in this light, the volume before us has multitudinous pages, and there is no end of our studies; but when I look upon a rain-bow in the sky, it appears the most speaking and exquisite of all emblems: the gem-poem of the mythology of nature. Walking beneath that superb bridge, you may pick up pebbles, dip your feet in the running water-brook, and muse to your heart's content. Above you are all the several beams which, blent together, make up limpid light, all being severally the correspondences of something which is divine. I have often thought, when the waters of the flood had well subsided, and the rivers rolled in their own channels, and the command had been given to the ocean waves, 'Hither shalt thou come, and no farther,' what must have been the feelings of the sons of men when, for the first time, they contemplated that 'bow in the cloud;' and, as it appeared time after time, how fathers took their children by the hand to gaze at it. Yet it could not have been because the spectacle was new, but because it was now known to be an emblem. ADAM looked upon it before NOAH, for the principle of its formation existed already. Great facts, which are intended for the soul of man, are all represented in nature by signs of the utmost tenderness. Thus we have the resurrection of all Nature from its icy tumulus, the superabundant bloom and beauty of the spring. If there were not any refined state, then none of these outer forms could exist, as every type must have its antitype. The sun, the clouds, the dews, the vapor, are but the ministers of truth, and the rainbow is an *arch-angel*:

'To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.'

'We may perceive the coloration of rays in the small dew-drop which fills up the cup of a lily; nay, in the very tears which have fallen from the eyes of some poor creature, as if a smile lit them before they were dashed away by kindness.

'I once saw Niagara. Once! — I ever see it; for the image of its greatness and majesty cannot ever pass away or cheat the memory for ever. If pastoral scenes are shifted from the view, and Alps may be forgotten, that picture, once impressed, remains indelible. Gazing upon the awful brink, where the late agitated waters become as placid as the unruffled lake, before they take the plunge, and where the very spirit of the cataract appears to dwell, I was impressed with the destructive force and fury of the element; for, except at that one momentous pause, it has no phase of gentleness, but is enveloped in vapor, and accompanied by the unressembled noise of the fall. The waves of the sea may be appeased and calm, but the thunder of Niagara is unintermitted; and ever above the gulf, where the mists rise like incense, while the earth shakes, and the face of nature speaks only of great convulsion, we gaze upon the perpetual halo of the bow; and lest the setting sun should take the spectacle away, by the moon's quiet beams it is seen arching an enchanted island. And tell me, have you never walked upon the margin of the sea itself when the storm lowered, and fled away from the breakers as they rolled shoreward, and afterward, when the dazzling sun came out, beheld the same arc in its ever complete formation, with one of its abutments on the solid land, and

one upon the deep waters? I have sometimes seen a fragment of it, and the same luminous colors, on the hot breath of the engines as they rolled onward like a driven thunder-bolt: and as if to banish unbelief, wherever the power of the element is most manifest, and wherever Nature is enthroned in majesty, though clouds and darkness may hover near her, 'there is a rainbow round about her throne.'

'JUNE 10.—No blight, no drought, no sweltering heats, no potato-bugs, no grasshopper to be a burden. This is the gem-season of the century, the pearl of years. It runneth faster in its delightful progression, and wins the crown of flowers. How its car is decked! The twice-blooming roses are in its path. Every garden is a reservoir, every secret path-way a conduit of sweets. They gush into the open casement; they come upon the general air. All the waves clap their hands, and the little hills rejoice on every side. The other day we wandered up, up, up, where could be obtained an extensive 'eye-possession,' and encircled by the blue Kaatskills and kindred mountains, whose outlines were discerned at the distance of fifty miles, took in at a glance the whole gorgeous picture which lay between. We stood, for better observation, upon the top of a stone fence overrun with three-fingered ivy, while the pony, whose halter was tied to a branch of the oak above, pulled the leaves into his mouth, and champed the herbage with a relish. What vast estates lay between the sloping bases of those mountains! and yet on a space no larger than would be included by the circumference of a signet-ring, even upon the eye itself, was transcribed a most perfect representation of all the boasted acres which made a multitude of men rich. How the properties of the earth do dwindle when you look at them from a high point! for the boundaries of a nabob appeared to us like a railed-in space for the pasturage of a few cattle, and the cloud-shadows trooped over the area of a kingdom in the twinkling of an eye. And how variegated the subdivisions of the landscape! the meadow, and the mellow soil; the woods, the waving grain, the silver-stream and distant river.

'Sometimes the 'moneth' of May is chill and cheerless, and June opens, without monition, with wilting heat. The buds open and are full-blown, and fall to pieces; the herbage loses its vivid freshness, and the admirer of nature relapses into languor while the year is at its prime. Not so with this choice season, this most unexceptionable festive season. The pet month did not disappoint its promise, dearly associated as it is with youth and beauty, with memories of the May-pole, and the tender loves of 'BARBARA ALLEN.' The apple-orchards came out in due time, and the spectacle is most charming when the trees are in full bloom. Arranged at equal distances on the sloping, undulating ground, and in the hollows, with their low and spreading crowns all covered with pink and snow-white blossoms, they appear to me like big bushes in a garden, or like the nosegays of a giant. For I like to snuff their fragrance while sauntering by the road-side, or from an upper window to look down upon a long and gradual slope, on which an old orchard is freshly blooming, while the sweet leaves are wafted by the puff of every breeze, and the green germs of the fruit are forming underneath no larger

than pins' heads. Also, the welcome lilac is the ornament of every court-yard, and you may snap off a branch without compunction, and stick it in a pitcher, if the fragrance be not too powerful for feeble nerves.

'It is now the tenth of June, and up to this date we have had neither untimely frost nor memorable days of heat; but it has been, without exception, the most balmy season within my recollection. There has not been a single drawback. Copious showers have fallen on the earth; the air is choice and healthful; even in the heart of the city you have been able to find a refreshing coolness, and every where the vegetation is so rich, the crops are so far advanced, and the prospect is so promising, that we might with justice call this a *mirabilis annus*.

'It is almost intoxicating to walk 'in the cool of the day' over the pleasant roads which intersect the country in all directions, and especially where they wind over the high ground in full view of the river; or to recline in an easy carriage, not your own, and to be borne along by a pair of well-groomed horses, whose coats are sleek and well-protected by the clean netting, and who are as gentle as doves in harness; and so, without a word spoken, with your head bare, and with a soul composed and tranquil, to travel through avenues and green lanes where the giant elms lift their arms above you. Nature is so suggestive, and so many pleasant influences steal upon you, that it is most perplexing to transfer your impressions of beauty, and you feel only fitted for silent enjoyment.

'If there is any pleasant feature in the country, it is a winding narrow lane carpeted with a green sod, skirted on either hand with mulberry-trees and the wild cherry, over which the brier bushes, the wild grape, and the ivy and honey-suckle are interlocked in many an impenetrable thicket; places which the cat-bird loves to frequent, and from which he pours forth his mellow and melting *cavatina*. Here is the spot where the young man, with the furze just blackening upon the lip of manhood, passing his arm about the waist of the pretty maid, whispers into her ear the most tender sentiments; for the very birds on the branches teach them how to woo and coo most lovingly. Almost every village has its Love-lane as well as its Gallows-hill and Butter-milk-hollow.

'In the course of your wanderings, you will observe that the tulip-tree is now covered all over with yellow flowers, and the locusts are in full bloom, emitting from their 'high old' crowns a delicious fragrance. In the fields the clover is knee-deep, and the cattle dispose themselves in easy attitudes, and, as they remain dreamy and almost motionless on the top of some shady knoll, in relief against the blue sky, afford a picture of grace to the eye of the CLAUDE-like painter. But the anniversary of the blooming roses is also at this time, and you must by all means shut up your workshops and hurry out to this feast. For the time is short. In a few days the brief and beautiful existence of the rose is terminated, and FLORA gives the field to CERES! The one is intended to administer to the sense of Beauty, and to be twined in a triumphant chaplet around the brows of Innocence; the other comes upon a sterner and a grander mission, to fill the granaries with bread and nerve the arm with vigor.

'In the winter-time a few rose-buds cut from a green-house where they have been fostered under glass, and given to you by a generous friend, stand perhaps in a wine-glass on your table, and represent the summer. You tend them from day to day, and furnish them with clean water, until the opening bud feeds no longer on the juice of the stem, and you throw them out of your window. But they may have sufficed while on their brief errand to have soothed your soul; and, oh! to a man of guilt, if he has any particle of human feeling, a rose in his lonely cell would preach to him more eloquently than words, and he could wash its crest with his tears like a shower:

'Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell;
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the sunny sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye.'

'But when, in the gradual advancement of the year, the time draws nigh which is monopolized by this choicest and most exquisite specimen of floral beauty; when the wild, untutored, modest May-rose, with its multiplicity of pink leaves, has given place to the vaunted varieties whose names are at the tongue's end of every gardener; when the uncared-for one which grows like a brier by the way-side, soon drops its scanty leaves, and on comes precipitately the glorious, universal bloom of the rich and double flowers which have received culture, and they crown the well-trimmed stalk, and burst out in a dissipation of beauty over the porch, the net-work trellis, and the garden bower, casting forth their very souls on all the currents of the summer air, and floating into your olfactories, climbing up and insinuating themselves into the windows where you converse, sweetly intruding themselves in every covert path, wherever you wander through the delicious garden; seen at the tops of the trees, as ye are, O Kentucky roses! budding and bursting out under the eaves of the mansion, where the little downy bosoms of the just-hatched chirping birds heave in the nests, and the parents drop the worm into their red mouths, unfrightened by the play of romping children; and the bumble-bee, and the honey-bee, and the humming-bird drink together out of the same cup of intermingling eglantine; then I say that you must let your soul expand with a calm enjoyment, and be convinced that God in His benevolence fashions in every phase of existence a heaven for us, and that free moral agents fit up a hell for themselves.

'There is now a very prevalent smell of mint from the meadows, as its tender stalks are bruised by the feet of cattle, or its odors are dislodged by the somewhat rough handling of the freebooting winds. Thirsty people like to bruise it against little icebergs, in a tumbler with wine of a choice quality, and, if I remember rightly, a slight paring of lemon and a straw-berry or two, to produce a curious, composite flavor, and so imbibe it slowly through a wheaten-straw, or sometimes a glass tube. What the advantage of this mode is, does not appear clearly; but perhaps the volatile aroma of the herb following in the wake of the drops which clamber up the tube, more gradually and pleasantly insinuates itself into the brain than when it sweeps over the sense in a powerful puff. To have it poured from a silver pitcher, on whose

outer surface the atmosphere is collected in cool drops, in the heat of a sultry day, and offered in moderate quantity by the fair hands which have concocted it with skill and with a scrupulous mildness, is not unacceptable to those who make use of such fluids; and of the julep it can with truth be said that it contains some good ingredients—the fragrant mint and crystal ice-drops. That the mint has medicinal quality, is well known. With the valetudinarian cat it disputes the palm with cat-nip; and when covered with the dews, the sick chicken takes a little nip of it.

‘I have spoken of the feast of roses, but the feast of straw-berries must be remembered. How plentiful is the crop! In this happy land the poor taste of delicacies, and the horn of plenty is literally poured out with its profusion of fruits and flowers. Here the cows come home at night with their hoofs actually dripping with the red blood of this berry, and the odors of it float over the snowy foam of the milk-pail. It grows wild in all the woods and all the meadows, and many think the wilder the sweeter; for as it is smaller in size than the seedlings of the garden, it stands a better chance to become dead-ripe and lose its acid. It requires no addition, and is rendered fit to eat by the sugar of its own nature. ‘Doubtless,’ says an old writer, ‘God *might* have made a better berry, but He never did.’ I have, however, met with some who are disposed to deny the truth of this statement, and who say that the rasp-berry is better. No doubt it is to some palates, but the general voice would hardly give to it the palm. In flavor, the straw-berry is admitted to be the acme of perfection, and it has probably not degenerated since it was originated in Eden. But it is so keen and pungent, that in a little while it destroys the tone of the tongue, whereas the rasp-berry has an exceedingly delicate aroma, as much so as the wild-grape blossom. Its merits are more slowly perceived, but it less fatigues the taste, and is longer appreciated. The succession of fruits as the year advances, exhibits an adaptation most pleasing and wonderful. The straw-berry is first with us, and its precedence in time is a fair presumption in favor of its ripe merits. Then comes the rasp-berry. These occupy a certain space mostly to themselves, but when they are gone, a rabble of fruits jostle one another in the garden, and every one may take his pick and choice. The English ox-heart cherry charms the eye and satisfies the taste, especially when you pluck it from the branch as it hides its blushing cheek beneath the leaves. The goose-berry and tart currant arrive in the very nick of time, but the berries taper off in excellence at the close of the year. The plain and healthful black-berry is succeeded by the whortle-berry, the poorest of fruits—God forgive me! But, in the meantime, the larger kinds come in to adapt themselves to every variety of taste, and to every necessity of constitution—peach, plum, and grape.

‘JUNE 20. — While walking to-day out of the silent woods into a sequestered glen, I encountered a very distinct and truthful echo. Every foot-fall was repeated, and if you called HYLAS, HYLAS was responded. There was a well-built wall of rocks in front, and happening to soliloquize aloud, it was from the hard and flinty surface of them that my own words were thrown back with an almost impudent celerity:

'Ye woods and ——

Wilds ——

'Echo !' ——

'Ha! ha! ——'

(*pathetically*)

'CHARLEY! ——'

'CLARK ——'

'Woods and ——

Wilds ——'

Eho! ——'

'Ah! ah! ——'

'CHARLEY ——'

'CLARK ——'

'Echo is a playful sprite, sitting high up, laughing, weeping, shrieking, talking, just according to the mood of those she mocks; feeding on the sugar-plums and saccharine fragments of the poets thrown out to her by the romantic Della Cruscan youth. *Επιβοσχετ' αοιδας*. Alas! that Echo is not every where, to let us know that our words come back upon us; but her sportive didactics are given in the amphitheatre of rocks. Oh that liars would wander near her sylvan nestling-places, and slanderers travel down the lonely dell where their utterances might be heard by their own ears alone, and return upon them to knock their teeth out! Every thing appears to be reproduced, and each transformation to be more spiritual and refined. Is there an echo of the 'voiceless thought?' There is, but more impalpable, so that spirits only may apprehend it. The burnished glass throws back the face, and the streams reflect the weeping willows, and most delicately has the Latin poet styled sweet Echo the *image of the voice*—*Vocis imago*. Oh! how perfect is the representation, when she responds to the groans of the Hamadryad mourning over the fall of her own dear tree, for whose life she has implored the wood-man in many a susurring sigh and whisper among its branches! 'Wood-man, spare that tree!' And in the general forest she returns answer to the Dryad's cries, when every stroke of the flashing axe is heard again, and at last with a crash the oak falls with its crown of glory, and the sacred gloom of the grove is violated, and the most majestic pillar of its cathedral is overthrown. There was a stately tree upon the hill-top at 'Tulipton,' and it was a beacon to the sails-man, as his little boat was wafted into the safe cove, but in an evil day the hand of Expediency cut it down. Great, indeed, was the fall thereof; and as it reached the earth and smothered the shrubs and wild flowers which had been sheltered by its shade, a universal wail and lamentation was heard around, and the very echoes were reëchoed from the distant hills. In fact, the curses upon those Vandals have not yet ceased. There is an echo of the bee in clover, and of the precious music of the bobolink; but when the voice of flutes in concord floats on the air of eve with melodies which touch the heart; the same 'which once in TARA's halls the soul of music shed;' the cadence and the dying fall come with swiftest repetition, as if too sweet to die away; and as the stars glimmer and the moon sheds down her softened light, I think of friends departed and

of days gone by. So have I heard the reverberations of the water-fall and the echoings of the huntsman's horn,

'As if another chase were in the sky,'

and have listened to two farmers conversing in short interrogations over the hedge, or separated from each other by the length of a field, saying, as they placed the hollow of their hands at the corners of their mouths, on a high key:

'When are you going to mow those oats?'

ECHO. Mow those oats.

'To-morrow.'

ECHO. To-morrow.

'Want you to send that rake by the boy.'

ECHO. By the boy.

'Tell him to bring my whip-lash.'

ECHO. Plash.

'What 'll you take for that yearling heifer?'

ECHO. Lingafer.

'Two POUNDS.'

ECHO. Two pounds.

Then do I wander away from this shirt-sleeved couple, whose faces are bedewed with perspiration from working in the fields and mowing the new hay, with MILTON's beautiful apostrophe echoing on my ears from the hard and rocky surface of the times in which he lived.

'SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen

Within thy airy shell,

By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet-embroidered vale,

Where the love-lorn nightingale

Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair

That liketh thy NARCISSUS are?

Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!

So mayest thou be translated to the skies,

And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.'

F. W. S.

'JUNE 23.—In a secluded cove or indentation of the shore, where the trees were imaged downward from the bank upon the smooth water, I observed a pair of swans, accompanied by four beautiful cygnets, lifting their snow-white plumes to catch the breeze, and gliding about with a queen-like motion. While I gazed at this unsullied group, which seemed to be native to the spirit-land rather than something earthly, the thumping sound produced by the paddle-wheels of a steam-boat began to be heard; and as she rounded the point, the water became agitated and swelled upon the shore. At this apparent danger, the parent-bird received all the four cygnets upon her back, and erecting her trembling wings into a fan-like shape, sailed away toward the green-sward—a spectacle of ineffable grace and beauty. I have noticed these birds for two years, sometimes near the shore, but oftener afar-off, like specks of white, where the blue wave seemed to mingle with the horizon; but until the present season, they were unattended by the cygnets. They now form a pure and aristocratic society, intermingling their snowy necks in the most affectionate communion. At first they were placed in a small pond for safe-keeping; but when the winter broke up, catching a glimpse of the

broad waters of the bay, they enterprised in that direction, and could by no means be prevailed upon to return to the little pond. They left it in possession of the ducks, the geese, the perch, the pickerel, and the mud-turtles, and went to share the company of the sleek and gracefuller wild-fowl who plumped into the bay. Generally, however, they prefer to keep by themselves, and show in all their buoyant air and gliding pace the influence of the pure and upper realms in which they have been bred. Oh, how superior are they to the common-people geese! Gazing at them as they sail about their own beautiful cove, whose shores are like a paradise, I am reminded of the honeyed, almost celestial poetry of the spirit-rappers:

'ANGEL with the diadem of light,
Wherefore dost thou tread this vale of sorrow?
All our life afflicts thy holy sight;
Cheerless is the life from earth we borrow.

'Straight as he spoke appeared a snow-white swan,
Gliding on a dark, tumultuous river;
And as its spotless image glided on,
It twinkled like a star, yet shone for ever!
Angel with the diadem of light!'

F. W. S.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. — In the notice of several of the pictures which we had prepared for our last number, and which has gone with the missing 'copy' before alluded to, we treated the exhibition at greater length than we are enabled to do in the present issue. But as the Gallery does not close before the fifteenth of July, some readers may be reminded, by a reference to the fact, to pay it a visit, and few metropolitan objects *could* be visited that would better repay the time that may be passed there. We beg leave, however, in the outset, to say, that our opinion of the pictures 'hereinafter mentioned' is not intended to guide that of others. There is no subject in the exemplification of which there are more assumption, more ignorance, more 'twattle,' in short, exhibited, than in what are termed by courtesy 'criticisms' upon art. Sometimes we see a native 'critic' who has passed once through the Louvre; who has seen (devoting half an hour to each, perhaps) the galleries of Florence and Rome, who returns with a 'knowledge of art' which, being conceded, enables him to sit in judgment upon the works of artists who could tell him more of the true spirit and aim of art than he could acquire in five years. Yet, after all, such 'criticisms,' while they certainly do little good, do quite as little harm. Those who visit picture-galleries *judge for themselves*. They do not take their opinions of works of art at second-hand. They have eyes, and they see — perception, and they judge. Nor can unjust or ill-natured criticism seriously affect an artist of genius. He has but to *possess* the genius, and to *show* it, and all the pretentious 'criticisms' of literary amateurs in the world may pass by him unheeded. Suppose, for example, a visitor enters the halls of the Academy, and wanders around for a couple of hours, admiring here a beautiful landscape, there a portrait, so life-like that it seems to speak to you from the canvas; here a sweet and touching scene in domestic life, and there a humorous sketch that makes him laugh as if he himself were on the spot, and saw it all passing before him; supposing, we say, a visitor were to see and feel all these, and the next morning were to take up a newspaper which should say that HICKS' portrait of the old Quaker lady was 'bad;' that DURAND'S landscapes were 'tame and unpleasing;' that ELLIOTT'S portraits 'approached the verge of caricature;' that CHURCH 'would do very well, if he would n't attempt the painting of skies;' that BAKER 'failed in color;' and that KENNETT 'must look a little more carefully to the elaboration of his rocks;' does any one suppose that such remarks could do the slightest harm to such artists? No: whether they

arose from the *nil admirari* spirit, or, what is more frequently the case, from blind partisanship in relation to some favorite exhibitor, they would fall innocuous to the ground. Every true portrait, true in drawing, coloring, and matchless in individuality—like those of ELLIOTT, for example, acknowledged, even by his brothers in the profession, to stand at the very head of his branch of the art—is *itself* a contradiction to all unjust or cynical criticism, and by that 'first appeal, which is to the eye,' does more to keep his studio preëngaged with sitters than would all the fulsome, learned, indiscriminate commendation that could be poured out without stint in their favor. But let us try to replace a few of the 'lost leaves' of which we have made mention. We have already indicated the general character of the exhibition: we now proceed to speak of a few of the artists and their pictures.

We have nine portraits from the pencil of BAKER. This fine artist promises to stand at the head of his profession as a pure and truthful artist. His coloring is truly delicious; and some one or two of his female heads are without a rival in their kind in the exhibition.

CARPENTER sends six pictures, which betoken great improvement in this young and rising artist. Our space permits us to mention but one, a portrait of President FILLMORE, painted in Washington. The likeness is excellent, and the drawing good. The only fault is a lack of strength in color; but this is a defect which may be easily avoided hereafter; and as it is, it is less exceptionable than an indiscriminate superabundance of paint.

CHURCH sends four landscapes, and truly wonderful productions they are. They are not, however, so effective as some of his with which the public are already familiar; yet they all possess that charm of completeness, that truthful and yet not labored effect, which enables one to lay out an imaginary journey over hills, across streams, to take a sail on the slightly-ruffled lake, or make a friendly call in one of those away-off farm-houses. Take any of CHURCH's land-scenes, and cut them into any number of pieces, and each piece would present a perfect picture in itself. Yet, as a whole, there is no want of unity. Every thing is in its proper place. One of this artist's peculiarities is the *correctness* of every thing represented. An elm or an oak, six or eight miles off, is as individual as the model-tree in the fore-ground, whether elm or oak. A person could purchase a farm on one of his brain-productions, and say the precise amount he could afford to pay per acre; for he can see the nature of the soil, the extent of cleared land and wood-land, the kinds of timber, the course of the streams, and the distance from market. So truly is every thing represented, that the American practical farmer could 'make a note' of all these. We wish, however, that Mr. CHURCH might see the necessity of raising his horizons: they are too low; although we have some compensation for this defect in his magnificent clouds; yet the land part of his scene seems sinking, the fore-ground coming almost to the bottom of the picture. On his return from South America, he will probably furnish us with views so true as to do away with the necessity of travel to gratify mere curiosity. We shall then have the Andes in all their glory.

Mr. CASILEAR's landscapes are too well known to require comment. They come under the general denomination of 'gems.' He confines himself altogether to the painting of 'gems.' There are no sham diamonds in his 'cabinets.'

COLEMAN (a new name on the lists of the Academy) has three landscapes. He is probably the only artist who exhibits this year, who has achieved a 'surprise:' the only one who has called forth that significant interrogatory, '*Who is he?*' We understand that he is very young; and, judging from the excellent qualities of his pictures, we infer that, so far as *he* is concerned, the query '*Who is he?*' will very soon become obsolete.

CRANCH contributes six landscapes, which evince a marked propensity to 'go ahead' on the part of their poetical author. Mr. CRANCH, one can scarcely help thinking, can have little sympathy with the great city, which has so little in common with the peaceful nooks, by-places, and quiet lakelets he so delights to paint.

In looking through CROPPER's list of pictures in the present exhibition, we do not

find them so satisfactory as on former occasions. Number Three Hundred and Twenty-four, 'The Second Beach from Newport, Rhode-Island,' comprises, to our conception, more of his peculiar excellences than any other. He is always felicitous in representations of far-reaching views; the wide-extended plain, and the perspective accuracy of every object depicted, both aerial and linear, are here well given. Mr. CROSEY sends eleven landscapes; but in all of them we think we discern a desire to excel in mere mechanism—in dexterity of touch, and what artists sometimes call 'slap-dash effects.' These are beautiful in subjection, but when too apparent, are suggestive of theatrical scene-painting. Notwithstanding these defects, however, we regard Mr. CROSEY as one among our best landscape-painters, for he possesses a soul that breathes on all his canvas.

DURAND has seven landscapes this year, all marked by his peculiar excellences. In Number Thirty-one, 'Progress,' we observe a higher degree of perfection than this fine artist has ever previously attained. It is purely AMERICAN. It tells an American story out of American facts, portrayed with true American feeling, by a devoted and earnest student of Nature. DURAND is always peaceful, quiet, picturesque, and beautiful. No one artist among us has done more for true art than DURAND. He woos us, by their gentleness and repose, to *love* his pictures, rather than by attempting to 'astonish' us, and to enforce our admiration. Long may it be before he falls into the position of his own matchless representations of 'the sere, the yellow leaf!'

ELLIOTT sends eleven portraits this year. We say *he* sends; but it is not always inferable that an artist sends, of his own choice, a great number of pictures to the same exhibition. The subjects, or their friends, have often a voice in the matter, and their wishes are not to be disregarded. The number, however, has insured a good variety. Manhood in its prime; 'frosty but kindly' old age; womanly beauty; childhood, 'in its innocent age cut off,' all live here in such expression and color as ELLIOTT only presents. Of the male heads, we are the most forcibly impressed with Number Four Hundred and Thirty-three, which is in the artist's best manner. But it requires not our praise. As a likeness and as a work of art, it 'speaks for itself' literally. The same praise may justly be awarded to Number Twenty-eight, another characteristic head. The portrait of a lady, Number Three Hundred and Seventy-two, is a fine picture of an excellent subject—womanly beauty in its prime. Number Three Hundred and Twelve is a beautiful portrait of a lovely child, a copy in 'little' of the portrait above-mentioned. It is pronounced perfect in expression and color by the parents of the subject.

GIFFORD has five pictures, all showing that uninterrupted approach to excellence which we have remarked for the last two or three years. *Macte virtute!*

The only landscape by that favorite and genial artist, GIGNOUX, is 'A Snow-Scene,' but it is one of the very best in its kind. One thing, however, seems somewhat amiss. The race-way, or 'flume,' wants a little 'fixing,' it strikes us. As it is now, it appears to better calculated to supply the pond than the pond to supply the 'flume' with water.

Hicks has but three pictures; but he required no more, to give us a satisfying 'touch of his quality.' His portrait of a Quaker lady is a most admirable production. It is painted with honest paint, as solid as marble; and as to the likeness, one could swear, in a court of justice, to have seen the original, although he may never have 'set eyes' on the calm, dignified, real features in his life. We have heard one of the male portraits, by the same artist, placed before it; but we say no: it is very fine, doubtless, but this is every way masterly. It is the very best portrait in the exhibition.

Mr. INNES contributes five landscapes. By a careful comparison with the pictures painted before he went abroad, it must be admitted that he has made very decided improvement. This is not always the case with our 'travelled artists.' A compromise between world-renowned pictures and NATURE cannot be successfully accomplished without insensibly weaning the painter away from the latter. Number Thirty-seven, 'Land-Storm,' we regard as one among the best pictures in the exhibition. There is no timidity, either in the mind or the hand of the artist. It is bold, grand, effective. It is something more than merely a 'pretty' picture. Those old gnarled, deep-rooted

forest-giants fairly 'fight their battles with the storm.' In the other pictures from Mr. INNES' hand, he seems to have sacrificed effect to his great love of mere *tone*. In this respect he will find that TIME, a greater toner than he, will entirely obliterate them. They are too much like the 'old masters' for a 'young master.' Kept up a little higher, they would 'go down' much better.

We have but three pictures from KENSETT, albeit he occupies about his usual space of wall-room, Number Forty-nine, 'Landscape,' being of unusual size. We always love to look upon KENSETT's pictures. There is always a strong affinity between *them* and the scenes in *nature* that touch us most: the wild, tangled, briery effect, with the broken sheen of light that sparkles 'like stars on the sea,' illuminating the otherwise cool, quiet, refreshing scene. Number Forty-nine gives us a bold, broken fore-ground, with magnificently-painted rocks on the left, and a high palisade on the right, which leave in the opening above a distant view of mountain, water, and sky. There is a bad fault, to our eye, in the stunted appearance of the principal tree. We think it would have been more effective had it been raised higher upon the face of the rock on which it now seems embedded for want of relief, causing a confusion in the forms. This, however, may very easily be remedied. The sky and clouds, also, do not, to our thinking, come quite up to Mr. KENSETT's standard of excellence, showing carelessness in making the farthest distance, cloud and sky, 'one and the same thing.' But still there is beauty enough in the fore-ground, beside the features indicated, to neutralize the faulty points of half a dozen pictures. We have so often encountered, in a wild-wood hunt, just such places, accompanied by torn garments and scratched limbs, that we cannot but *feel* that this is a true transcript from NATURE herself. We congratulate the possessor of this noble picture, and the profession which names its author among her gifted sons.

We have eight pictures from Mr. T. ADDISON RICHARDS, and in the works of no exhibitor do we remark a more constant improvement. His color is growing deeper and richer, his distances more clearly defined, and his representations of nature more truthful and impressive. Mr. RICHARDS is destined to take a high rank among our landscape-artists.

In our 'last leaves' we had spoken of the lovely full-length by LOUIS LANG, the most charming picture we have ever seen from his pencil; of WILLIAM S. MOUNT's 'Who let down the Bars?' so full of his characteristic excellences; of the great improvement of his brother in portrait-painting; of PEELE's exquisite 'Children and Game;' of works by EDMONDS, TALBOT, CAFFERTY, DARLEY, TERRY, and four or five others; but our other matter has so usurped our space, that we are compelled here to draw this desultory and imperfect notice to a close.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S MEMOIRS, JOURNAL, ETC., OF THOMAS MOORE. — MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY continue, in numbers, this work. With much that is interesting, and mainly new, there is intermingled, as far as we have had an opportunity of observing, in the progress of the work, a great deal that it seems to us a judicious editor would have omitted. MOORE's 'Journal' is a record of a thousand unimportant things, which tend only to show the 'great company' he was in the habit of keeping, and the indifferent things which are said over 'rich men's feasts.' It seems almost impossible not to regard MOORE, judging from his own exposition, as frequently the veriest trifler, and by no means always sincere or ingenuous. Reading him piecemeal, however, without knowing as yet how one act may possibly eventually justify another, his reader may be led, at this early stage of the work under notice, to do its illustrious subject injustice. We shall take occasion to review the volumes at large when they shall have been completed. The numbers, even as far as completed, have furnished much, both of extract and comment, for the English journals, and public opinion seems much divided upon the character of some of its revelations. The typographical execution is such as might be expected of the well-established press whence they proceed.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—‘*The Saint Nicholas*’ (a name most pleasant to our ear) is the title of a not over-corpulent but ‘well-knit’ monthly magazine, published at Owego, on the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, in this State, the third number of which is before us. It has many clever things in its pages: among them a series of chapters from the pen of an eminent jurist of Tioga, entitled ‘*Gleanings from the Indian and Pioneer History of the Susquehanna*,’ which will not only be well-written, but promises to possess, as it advances, many historical attractions. The writer’s love of his theme, and his original sources of information, assure us of this consummation. We shall keep an eye upon these sketches, and shall doubtless have occasion to refer to them more particularly hereafter. ‘*Isaac Walton Redivivus*,’ originally written for and published in the KNICKERBOCKER, next appears under the title of ‘*The Complete Susquehanna Angler*.’ A reference to this circumstance, it strikes us, would not have been amiss. There is somewhat of the playfully-satirical in the paper entitled ‘*Official Returns*,’ disclosing, as they do, certain chapters in the art and mystery of ‘*Office-Seeking*.’ We make an extract from a letter of Mr. ANDREW J. STUBBS to his friend TIMOTHY TWIST, himself an office-holder, asking a letter to Governor MARCY (whom he himself ‘only knows historically’) on his behalf:

‘You know my claims; in fact, I may say, the whole country knows them, namely, long and patient services in the ranks—always have had a natural turn for public business and other people’s affairs, to the neglect, really, of my own. As to private affairs, the necessities of my family, etc.—but I forbear: the subject is too painful. If this is disputed, I will furnish you with a large-sized pigeon-hole full of unmistakable vouchers on this point in the shape of unpaid bills. In fact, I have no effects of any sort, unless you count what the party owes me; but such claims are a little too contingent for any commercial purpose. If the solemn promises made to me last fall by the various candidates, from the Governor down, were good for ten cents on the dollar, I should be in clover, and the harmony of the party preserved. Credulous country-gentlemen that we were, we relied upon the promises, fought hard, and get no dividend! There will be a break, Mr. Twist, depend upon it, if these abuses are suffered to come to a head.

‘I will respectfully urge, farther, that I have held but few offices—none to speak of. I have an interesting family of nine children, from a helpless girl of sixteen down to the pledge at the breast, in a gradual descending scale as uniform as a flight of stairs. But I needn’t speak of my children. You know as much about them as I do, particularly the youngest, TIMOTHY TWIST STUBBS, named in honor of yourself. He is so much like you as to make almost any one jealous, except the husband of dear Mrs. STUBBS. I am supporting, also, two maiden-aunts; at least, they will look to me for aid when they get so they can’t help themselves. I don’t wish to joke, for the subject is too serious; but in view of this, you can safely say that my *avuncular* cedents are unexceptionable in all matters pertaining to party usage, time-honored principles, etc.’ . . . ‘It is true, it was my ambition to take a cabinet-position or a foreign mission; but if we fail there, I will drop down, to secure the harmony of the party, to a mail-agency, or *up*, and become keeper of one of our most important ocean light-houses. The latter position, I may say, has been urged upon me by numerous friends. If I cannot do better, and that should be the only position I can serve my country in, why, I must content myself to *shine* where my friends think proper to place me. I throw myself trustingly into their arms.

‘Yours affectionately, and *pro bono publico*,

ANDREW J. STUBBS.

‘N. B. A light-house with a garden-spot attached, of moderate size, would be preferred: no man can be said to be truly independent unless he has at command a plenty of *sass* of his own raising.

‘N. B., 2d. Don’t forget the bullet extracted from my uncle ALEXANDER’S calf.’

This modest letter is followed by copies of three others, kindly furnished by Governor MARCY from his files. Our first extract is from the epistle

solicited as above, and *with* the above, afford a good illustration of both 'STUBB and TWIST.'

'DEAR GOVERNOR: This will introduce to your most favorable notice, ANDREW JACKSON STUBBS, who is an applicant for some office; he don't care much what, if the emoluments are satisfactory. Mr. STUBBS has been long known in this part of the country as a thorough-going Democrat. He has inherited his Democracy regularly from a long line of Democratic ancestry. His father was a Democrat; his grand-father was a Democrat; and by certain traditions preserved in the family, we have every reason to believe that his great-great-grand-father was an unflinching Democrat in the days of Queen Anne. You will find him sound and intelligent upon all the great subjects of the day, such as Cuba, the Monroe doctrine, Gardiner claim, Division of Spoils, etc., etc. He has in his possession, and will show you, two small-sized bullets, which were picked up after the Battle of Buena Vista, and are supposed to have been shot at his uncle ALEXANDER, a drummer in the gallant Indiana regiment; and one, also, of a larger size, taken from the right calf of his uncle's leg immediately after that battle.

'These curious relics of that hard-fought field, you will of course gaze upon with intense interest, remembering the gratitude and reward due to the descendants and relatives of our brave citizen-soldiers. Indeed, I can assure you, dear Governor, that Mr. STUBBS' principles are sound, his Democracy reliable, and his earnest desire to serve the present administration and his country in some lucrative office, most unquestionable.'

On the same day Mr. TWIST also writes to the Secretary of State on behalf of Mr. THOMAS BENTON BUCHANAN, 'a co-worker with himself in the last Presidential election, and an applicant for some paying office.' His claims to preferment are embraced by an anecdote:

'PERHAPS a little incident of his early life would not be inappropriate, as indicating the sterling Democracy which commenced expanding even at the tender age of six. He had bought a penny-trumpet — something of a rarity in those days — and in the juvenile exuberance of youth, was blowing it through the streets. This attracted the attention of some Whig boys on the other side, who, approaching our hero, offered him sugar-plums, etc., to become possessors of the great prize. Unflinching, uninfluenced by the prospect of gain, our sturdy young Democrat walks proudly away, declaring, if there was any 'blowing' to be done, it ought to be done for the benefit of the Democratic party. Thus you see at a glance the peculiar character of the man, and you will, no doubt, be willing and able to effect something in his behalf. Be assured, dear Governor, that any thing you do effect will be treasured by me as a personal favor, and that as a constituent, a friend and fellow-Democrat, I shall discharge the obligation.'

Doubtless sitting at the same desk, taking the next sheet of paper, and writing with the still undried ink of his last pen, Mr. TWIST again addresses his 'dear GOVERNOR' on behalf of another gentleman, who is ready at any moment to die for his country and a fat office:

'THE bearer, Mr. MARTIN VAN BUREN PHIPS, is an applicant for some easy office, and, I am happy to say, is an out-and-out Democrat. He voted for VAN BUREN in '40, for POLK in '44, and in '48, being somewhat puzzled with the claims of the contending factions, polled two votes, one for VAN BUREN and one for Mr. CASS, evincing a spirit of conciliation and a high-toned principle, which put to the blush all other compromise measures. Mr. PHIPS, I can truly say, is an active, energetic, and industrious Democrat, but is unable to discharge very many out-door duties, as he is suffering under a physical disability, having, some two years since, sprained his ankle badly. . . . The circumstances attending this physical disability may not be uninteresting, as illustrative of the sterling Democracy inherent in the man. They are these: He was engaged with some young Democrats raising a hickory-pole. They had accomplished their object, and young PHIPS determined to place the stars and stripes upon the top of the pole. For this purpose he commenced climbing, but, alas! having arrived at the dizzy height of ten feet, the pole gave way, and he was hurled miserably upon the earth, with a severe contusion upon the fleshy part of the leg, and with his left foot sprained terribly. Apparently not realizing the extent of the injury, he waved the tattered ensign over his contused frame, and gave three hearty cheers for JAMES K. POLK. Such Democracy ought not to go unrewarded; and I hope you will be able to place our unfortunate friend in some easy position where his physical disability will not be antagonistic to his progressive Democracy.'

AMONG the clever things contained in the still missing parcel, embracing proofs and manuscripts, mentioned in our last number, was the subjoined

'*Rail-Road Adventure*,' which the author has kindly re-written for us, at our request. He begins, it will be seen, in poetical prose, but is presently compelled to 'break cover' and come out into the open field of verse. Hear him: 'I took the cars at Albany, not many years ago, when every seat was occupied, and some walked to and fro along the passage-way; but hold! I find that in prose this story won't be told. There's a jingle in the subject, and a rhythm, so to say, which defies prosaic rules; so I'll let it have its way:

'The car was full of passengers,
I can't recall the number,
For I had but just awakened from
An unrefreshing slumber,
When a lady, who sat facing me,
Directly met my eye,
But turned away immediately,
And smiled—I knew not why.

'When youthful folks who strangers are
Are seated face to face,
In the silence of a rail-road car,
A grave and formal place,
Their wandering eyes will sometimes meet
By some strange fascination,
And they cannot keep their faces straight,
Though dying with vexation.

'Simpletons there doubtless are,
Whose mouths are always stretching,
But the guileless mirth of maidens' eyes
And dimpled cheeks is catching:
First she laughed, and then I laughed—
I could n't say what *at*;
Then she looked grave, and I looked grave,
And then she laughed at *that*.

'She endeavored to repress her mirth,
But could n't hold it half in,
For with face concealed behind a book,
She almost died a-laughing.

She pouted when she found her lips
Determined on a smile,
But 't was very plain the pretty rogue
Was laughing all the while.

'Thus happily the moments flew
To me, at least, of course,
Though when she saw me smiling too,
It made the matter worse.
And when, at last, I left the car,
I caught her laughing eye,
And had one more good grin before
I tore myself away.

'Mine inn' I sought in saddened mood,
And with feelings of regret;
Those brilliant eyes, I felt assured,
I never could forget.
And when arrived, valise in hand,
I paused—I can't tell why—
Before a mirror on a stand,
And gazed with curious eye.

'My cravat was turned half round or more,
And shocked was I to find
That my hat was badly jammed before,
And the rim turned up behind!
Then while in haste my room I sought,
I swore along the stairs
That I would not again be caught
A-napping in the cars.'

The 'moral' which our correspondent educes from this is a very pregnant one: 'When you find yourself the special and unwonted object of female attention, don't get particularly excited until you have seen a looking-glass!' - - - We remember well the first time we ever saw the *London Times* newspaper, with its crowded 'Supplement' of fine-type advertisements, in serried columns, what an impression it gave us of the Great Metropolis whence it issued. Few know, who have not lived in the country, what a view of the city is afforded by its papers. You take up the '*Courier and Enquirer*,' the '*Journal of Commerce*,' the '*Morning Express*,' of the large folio sheets, or the double-sheets of the '*Tribune*,' the '*Herald*,' and the youngest of them all, the '*Times*,' and what an idea does each convey of the business of New-York, and its dependencies in the immediate region round-about! And yet this feature is as nothing compared with the labor and enterprise visible *out* of the business columns. News by steamers, ships, rail-roads, telegraphs, from three continents, are spread before you on a single morning; congressional, political, local and general domestic intelligence in all parts of your own country you find condensed to your hand; 'criminal information' you find lodged against all sorts of rogues in all sorts of places:

casualties every where are brought together under your eye; books are reviewed, to save you the trouble of judging for yourself in their selection; and your editors, in their own especial departments, think for you on the greatest variety of subjects, leaving you afterward to 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest' the same. Wonderful is the daily journal during the week: and when there comes *no* daily print, then is the advent of those industriously-edited and voluminously-supplied Sunday papers, each vying with the other which shall reflect the most credit upon each. And these are representatives of the Great City, which unfold its magnitude to thousands who get their first impressions of its realities from their ample folds. - - - The lines by an enamored swain, commencing:

'THERE is a girl in Brooklyn,
She lives in the Southern part,'

lack something of the fervor of TENNYSON and the grace of MOORE. Two stanzas must 'do' this time:

'THOUGH Brooklyn can't boast *one* thing,
That is, our Croton water,
She's many a gallant son,
And many a charming daughter.

'She has a model dry-dock,
And a 'Yard' renowned, the 'Navy';
Two hundred splendid churches,
And a girl that sets me crazy!'

The remainder of this effusion, it must be admitted, attests the fact acknowledged in the last line. - - - THE sketch entitled '*The Old Potters' Field*' is not altogether new. We seldom pass through Washington-square, now rich in the full flush of June, without thinking of a very effective paper upon its old uses by CORNELIUS MATHEWS, Esq., which we remember to have commended many years ago in these pages. If we have not been able to say as much of that gentleman's humorous writings, we have had at least the pleasure of awarding our meed of praise to his well-written and pathetic sketches. Nor can we now omit to record our appreciation of the writer's labors in the '*Literary World*' weekly journal, of which he is an industrious and discriminating editor; a vocation in which he appears to far better advantage, so far as our poor judgment goes, than in accomplishing more elaborate and continuous 'works.' - - - WE commend to all dyspeptic, gouty, rheumatic, nervous, or bilious readers, the *Bedford Mineral Water*, for sale by its sole agents, Messrs. JONES AND KIP, Number Seventeen, Ann-street. It is undoubtedly superior to any other mineral water in the United States, for the complaints we have indicated. - - - NEXT to the probable war between Turkey and Russia, and the interference of other powers in Europe, and eclipsing altogether the UNCLE-TOMITUDES of the day in England, is the recent '*Fight between Harry Broome and Harry Orme, for Five Hundred Pounds and the Championship of England.*' We never 'had the pleasure' to behold a prize-fight. It must be a sublime spectacle, 'without the gloves.' We had the good fortune once to survey the classic face of Mr. BENJAMIN CAUNT, then England's 'champion of the ring,' while he was engaged in

knocking a Mr. JEROLOMAN, of Brooklyn, head over heels, on the stage of the Bowery Theatre. The last-named gentleman, we remember, seemed somewhat 'astonished' when he arose and 'came to the scratch.' But to see a *ring-fight*—that, it would appear, from BELL's 'Life in London,' is an event that congregates the *élite* of England. 'At no fight for many years has there been such a congregation of noblemen and gentlemen.' There these 'noblemen and gentlemen,' 'regular nobs and tip-top swells,' as a learned advocate of the 'sports of the ring' termed them, stood for three hours under a burning sun to hear the '*thuds*' delivered upon BROOME's ribs; to gloat over the 'terrific upper-cuts' that 'doubled up' his antagonist; to see them 'get heavily home' on each others' 'peepers;' to catch each other on their 'ivory-boxes,' 'draw claret,' and loosen their 'head-rails,' each 'catching it on the conk;' a 'sneezer of a nose-ender' on their 'kissing-traps,' alternating with 'heavy' body-blows,' which 'make them wince like galled horses;' until at last the defeated victim is unable to 'come to time,' being quite blind, 'tremendously punished about the head,' 'insensible,' and finally is borne away a mangled, shapeless 'human,' with the additional regret of having lost his money and that of his 'backers' and friends. Really, on the whole, we cannot but regard the science of the prize-ring as inferior to that of astronomy: but then 'Every body don't seem to think so.' Exactly: we know they don't: and after all, 'it takes all sorts of folks to make a world.' - - - We cannot choose but smile oftentimes at the receipt of notes from distant correspondents, kindred with the one from which the following passage is a veritable extract. We 'name no parties,' so that we violate no confidence in giving it publicity:

'THERE is a young man in this place, of more promise than ordinary as a writer, and gives symptoms of being distinguished. I suppose he has now on hand about three hundred pages in manuscript, poetry and prose, and could you come here and look over them, I think that he could be persuaded to part with them for a consideration, and you would be mutually pleased to become acquainted with one another,' etc., etc.

'Good 'Evings!' travel six or seven hundred miles to look over the mss. of a young man who 'gives symptoms' of being an acceptable writer! Why, dear Sir, we have more *matériel*, in prose and verse, awaiting insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER, than we can publish in fifteen months; and every month our embarrassment is, which to select from these abundant stores. We venture to say that there is not a literary Magazine in America, of any description, which receives *one half* the number of communications that are sent monthly to the KNICKERBOCKER. *Of* course we do not publish *in* course all that we receive, but blend the early and late together, as seems to us best, in making up a number. We have written this bit of 'confidence' as a hint, among other reasons, to recent once-contributors, who seem to fancy that we are *waiting* for more matter, and so send us articles that they have 'hastily dashed off' to supply our present necessities! - - - It is not our wont to allude to kindred 'fabrications;' but we can say, from the 'ocular proof,' that the 'Balm of Thousand Flowers,' a preparation for removing tan, pimples and freckles from the face; shaving, cleansing the teeth, curling the hair, removing grease-spots from clothes, carpets, etc., sold by our agents, FETTERIDGE

AND COMPANY, Boston, is the best article of its kind we have ever encountered. It is, in reality, all that it purports to be. - - - 'THE following lines,' writes a correspondent, 'were handed to me by a physician, who found them in a sick-chamber in one of his daily rounds. They were written by an inebriate, under the repentant feelings of his sober hours:'

'HARP of Zion! pure and holy,
Pride of eastern Judea's land,
May a child of guilt and folly
Touch thee with a faltering hand?

'May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the PROPHET's touch,
And my throbbing heart awake thee
To the strains I love so much?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers
Since my earliest childhood's day;
Since a mother soothed my slumbers
With the cadence of thy lay:

'Since a little blooming sister
Hung with transport round my knee,
And my glowing spirit blessed her
With a blessing caught from thee!

'Mother, sister, both are sleeping
Where no beating hearts respire;
Whilst the eve of life is creeping
Round the widowed spouse and sire.

'He and his, amidst their sorrow,
Find enjoyment in thy strain:
Harp of Zion! let me borrow
Comfort from thy strings again!'

As nearly as we can remember, after a somewhat hasty perusal, *this* was the story told us by the friend and correspondent who wrote us last month from the 'Planters' Hotel' at Saint-Louis. An old Methodist clergyman had alluded, at some length, in an extempore discourse, to the miracle of blowing down the walls of Jericho. After his sermon was ended, and he was walking homeward, a Mississippi boatman, with a companion, overtook him, and opened a conversation with him upon the subject of the miracle: 'You say,' said he, 'that seven men, with seven horns, walked seven times round the walls, and blowed seven blasts seven times, and then the walls fell in?' The clergyman said the miracle was properly stated. 'Looks reasonable, don't it?' asked the boatman of his companion, who shook his head doubtfully. 'You see,' he repeated, 'there was seven men, with seven horns, and they marched seven times round the walls, and blowed seven blasts seven times? Don't you think 't would fetch 'em?' 'Let's see,' said his companion; 'seven times seven is forty-nine; seven times forty-nine is two hundred and forty-three,' etc.; and, having followed up the figures, he said, yieldingly, W-e-l-l, y-e-e-s, I guess 't would fetch 'em: it's a *d—l of a purchase!*' - - - 'Nor long since,' writes one from 'up-river,' 'a lady called on a friend of my acquaintance to pass a few words of friendly greeting. I am sure the book of English synonymes must have been studied by her to little purpose, when she was finishing her education; for, upon being interrogated, after the usual formula, as to the state of her health, she blandly remarked, 'that she was very well, with the exception of a *guitar* in her head.' 'A what!' exclaimed the other lady, in a tone of hushed surprise. 'A guitar in my head!' pertinaciously responded this newly-arrived musical character. Silence ensued for a few minutes; during which, I have no doubt, the struggling giggle was kept down by the sympathetic desire inwardly breathed, 'O PHŒBUS, son of LATONA, thou god of music and of medicine, put an interdict upon the melody of such 'guitars!'' - - - Or several tributes of affection, kindred in sentiment, we select the following for present insertion, because it is simple, and evidently the natural out-pouring of a devoted heart.

It bears the title, '*Birth-Day Lines to my Wife*,' and is from the pen of a correspondent whose favors have often been welcomed by our readers:

'HAND in hand we start to journey
Through the devious path of life;
Be it good or evil weather,
Hand in hand move we, my wife.

'Hand in hand in sunny seasons,
Evenings soft and mornings mild,
Naught to part us but the link-let
Of a little white-haired child.

'Hand in hand. O God! when fading
Life's fair sun's far-western rays,
Lean we well upon each other
Through the gloaming of our days.

'Hand in hand with equal foot-step
To the dark, swift-flowing river;
Hand in hand, with angel-seeming,
To the throne of God for ever.' H. C.

On the very edge of the calm-flowing Susquehanna river, in one of the many lovely, verdant, sunny villages that border upon that renowned and matchless stream, there stands a commodious law-office whose occupant may hear it lapsing with murmuring sound by his river-door at 'mid-water,' or rushing beneath his foundations in the spring-freshet. On its side toward the river, we observed a nail (driven by the master of legal assemblies in that neighborhood) with a string attached, underneath which was written, in a 'clerkly hand of write,' these lines, intended as a warning to the friendly anglers who were wont to poach for perch and other fish upon the owner's watery manor. Unmindful of the judicial ermine, '*usque ad fluvium aque*,' the proprietor addressed his 'Spearing and Fishing Friends generally' in the 'words following, to wit:'

'You spear a bass, a perch, an eel,
Upon *my* ground—you sinners!
Without once thinking how *I* feel
At thought of all those dinners!

'On common law I plant my claim;
It's no 'riparian' blunder;
I'll take one third of all your game,
Or sue you all, by Thunder!

'Poachers! this nail I drive in here,
Round it this cord I tie;
Just through the gills that cord you steer,
And hang my thirds on high:
You see, in place of trap or gun,
My hopes this loop are hung upon.'

'Whereto thus then' the aforesaid poachers, after a night's bad luck, 'responded in damages' to the above-mentioned proprietor; suspending on the 'line' the following 'precept,' dated 'Eleven o'clock P. M.:'

'YOUR law is right, O neighbor JUDGE,
'A second DANIEL' thou:
Your share to-night I do not grudge—
A third of three, I vow.

'Yes, three I've speared, right here in view,
A bass—a perch—a chub:
My share I keep—the former two;
And now, JUDGE, 'comes the rub!'

'You claim one third of all I spear—
The claim I don't deny:
So 'through the gills this cord I steer,'
And hang your chub on high!'

So 'chubby' a theme was not permitted to dwindle; for immediately

below the foregoing 'statement and rejoinder,' pencilled upon the white clapboards, appeared the annexed specimens of '*Law-Latin*,' with original and quite 'free' translations:

<i>E Pluribus unum:</i>	'One out of three.
<i>Ne plus ultra:</i>	Not another one.
<i>Sine qua non:</i>	Take this or none.
<i>'Suum' cuique tribuere:</i>	'Sue 'em' if you do n't get your share.
<i>Pro bono publico:</i>	He was a <i>very</i> bony publican.
<i>Nulla bona:</i>	No bones ('false return.')
<i>Ex uno disce omnes:</i>	By eating a chub you know (<i>uno</i>) how a bass and perch taste.
<i>Cui bono?</i>	How bony!
<i>Mewlatis mewlandis:</i>	Something about cats.
<i>Nunquam non paratus:</i>	Never eat chub without <i>paraties</i> .
<i>Didō et duc:</i>	Too plain to need translation.
<i>Dux et chubs:</i>	Therefore DINO ate chubs (indirectly) Q. E. D.
<i>Coram non iudice:</i>	The court's gone to bed.
<i>Amicus Curiae:</i>	Yours truly, ———,

Some 'legal' ingenuity here! - - - WE observe by the public journals that BENJAMIN LODER, Esq., has retired from the presidency of the New-York and Erie Rail-Road, in consequence of declining health, arising from unceasing devotion to the arduous duties of his office. No President of this great road has ever done more, by unwavering energy, uprightness of character, liberal expenditure of his own means, and extensive personal influence, to enhance its interests, than Mr. LODER. He shrunk from no obstacles in its advancement, for his wise forecast could perceive, and his indomitable energy overcome them. Mr. LODER is succeeded in the presidency of the road by HOMER RAMSDALL, Esq., of Newburgh, who has long been in the direction, and who is a gentleman of large means and great enterprise, in whose hands the road, now so thoroughly established, can only go on 'prospering and to prosper.' - - - It does very well, we cannot help thinking, for some persons to assume that Mr. EDWIN FORREST is not a great actor; but will *some one* be good enough to inform us *why it is* that, night after night, for weeks, ay, even months together, his houses at the capacious Broadway Theatre have excelled those of any other establishment in the city, with the exception, perhaps, of BURTON's? 'Ay, tell us *that*, and unyoke!' - - - WE have set up our sanctum on the shores of the Tappaän-Zee for the season of the summer solstice. Before us spread its ample waters, now glassy as a mirror, now ruffled with gentle breezes, or tossing in the sudden storm, but always beautiful. Six villages, on its two shores, are in plain sight to the naked eye; steamers and water-craft of every description pass and re-pass almost every hour before our sanctum windows: 'Mount Guilford,' with its hospitable mansion, crowns the apex of the verdant mountain that rises behind us, whose forest tops are ever 'fretted by the winds of heaven.' Over the broad 'Zee' comes ever and anon the roaring of the wheels of the Hudson river-cars rushing north-ward and town-ward with lightning speed, yet seeming only to 'crawl,' from the great extent of the road taken in at one and the same time by the eye. Fruits and flowers are around us, and 'vernal shades;' and agricultural experiments are diversifying our labors. By and by there will be reports of crops; yes, and modes of operation shall be cheerfully

given for the benefit of American farmers generally. Our lawn and orchard are *mown*; and we should like to submit the evidences of our 'execution' to those envious Tarrytown operatives opposite, who once wanted us to 'come up to our work.' We *have* 'come up' and *done* it. - - - We hail with cordial pleasure the establishment in this city of the *Shakspeare Society of New-York*. The Society has already celebrated three monthly meetings, and may now be considered as thoroughly founded. The presidency has fallen, with entire unanimity, upon WILLIAM E. BURTON, Esq., whose devotion to the 'Great Bard of all time' reflects high honor upon his character. In his princely library are to be found between thirty and forty of the earliest editions of the immortal dramatist, including among them a copy of the very first that ever was printed; which, when he took it from its repository to show to us, he kissed reverently, as if taking an oath of fealty to his great Master. Mr. BURTON's various editions are illustrated by upward of *three thousand* different engravings, of the rarest description, the careful collections of years, collated and arranged with consummate judgment and taste. Among the incidents which have enlivened the delightful reunions of the Society, was the presentation of a truly superb 'Book of Minutes' of the society, by the worthy and veteran Secretary, Mr. ROBERT BALMANO, each page of which was illuminated by a beautiful border, embodying the sweet flowers whose names are introduced into the sweeter verse of the adaman-tine poet; the work of the fair hands of the gifted wife of the donor. The members of the Society are limited to thirty-seven, the alleged number of SHAKSPEARE's plays. The officers consist of a President, Secretary, and Steward; now represented—and when can they be *better* represented?—by Mr. BURTON, Mr. BALMANO, and Mr. JAMES M. SANDERSON. The regulations adopted by the Society are excellent: there is an admirable *esprit du corps* among its members, and we anticipate a career of usefulness and intellectual pleasure for the club, which will make its members justly proud of their Association. We shall keep our readers regularly advised of the proceedings of the Society. - - - By the powers of 'MOSES,' writing from Detroit, Michigan, the reader is enabled to peruse the following poetical essay '*On Cash*:'

Wise moralists in vain have told
How sordid is the love of gold,
Which they call 'filthy trash';
Though stranger to these eyes of mine,
Ten thousand virtues still are thine,
Thou all-sufficient—CASH!

By nature void of every grace,
If thou hast (reader, view thy face!)
But this cosmetic wash,
'Twill whiten and improve the thin;
Thy monkey-face, thy cheeks, thy skin
Are beautified by—CASH!

And though your mental powers be weak,
(To you who money have, I speak,)
Go on—shave—cut and slash;
For men of genius and of sense,
If poor, will make a poor defence
Against the man of—CASH.

Or should you for the basest crimes
Become indicted fifty times,
This 'settles all the hash':
For bills which leave the poor no hope
To 'scape the dungeon or the rope
Are cancelled all by—CASH.' MOSSES.

THIS pretty 'bit' of still-life painting occurs in some reflections of a friend (in the *Daily Times*) over a neglected grape-vine in a garden in the country, overlooked from the window of his apartment: 'Time was when this vine was almost dragged to earth with its own clustering fruit, and the autumn sun-

light, after wandering through its light green leaves, purpled itself voluptuously in the bursting grapes.' How many times have we seen this effect in the vine that might be seen through the rear-windows of our town-sanctum, as its tendrils clambered to the top of the house, and flaunted, heavy with ruddy fruit, from the very eaves! A pretty picture, and a poetical, that always made us happy. - - - 'THEY tell a good story' of LORENZO Dow, or a perambulating preacher of his 'school,' to the effect, that riding once in a stage-coach on his way to an appointment, he fell in company with some wild young blades, who were led, from his eccentric appearance and manner, to imagine that he was a proper subject for their jokes and railery. He at once humored their design, by affecting silliness, and making the most absurd and senseless remarks. Upon arriving at the place where he was to stop, they ascertained who their butt was, and began to apologize, observing, in extenuation of their rudeness, that his own conversation had misled them. 'Oh,' said he, 'that's *my way*: I always try to accommodate myself to the company I am in; and when I am among fools, I talk foolish!' - - - Our versatile and popular contributor, WILLIAM NORTH, Esq., now resident in Cincinnati, is about publishing a work, illustrated by himself, to be entitled '*Napoleon Third*.' That it will be a very clever performance we can confidently predict in advance; but as it will soon appear, the correctness or non-correctness of our assumption may be easily established. Mr. NORTH is connected with '*The Pen and Pencil*,' an illustrated periodical, in which he is writing, both in prose and verse, with his accustomed spirit and versatility of theme, as we shall endeavor to show hereafter. Two excellent contributions from the prolific pen of Mr. NORTH await an early insertion in our pages. - - - WE never read, until the other day, the famous ballad of DICK TURPIN, the London highway-man. One verse is very 'able:'

'THE coachman, he not liking the job,
Set off at a full gallop;
But DICK put a couple of balls in his nob,
And purwailed on him to stop!'

It was n't exactly by '*moral*' suasion' that the traveller was '*purwailed*' on to 'stand and deliver!' - - - 'I HAVE noticed,' writes a legal office-neighbor, (perhaps an anonymous widower—who knows?) 'some remarks of correspondents in your 'TABLE,' condemnatory of '*Second Marriages*.' It 'doth appeareth unto me' that it is very appropriately 'in my line' to express *my* opinion on that subject, inasmuch as I have now my sixth wife. Those who oppose second marriages either speak from experience, or they do not. If they do *not*, their speculations are not of much value as authority. If they *do*, they pay but a sorry compliment to themselves and their second companions. Perhaps the difficulty is in *themselves*, and their theory, after all, may be correct. For one, I am *sure* it is not. I once conversed with Major NOAH upon this subject. He said that among his people, of the Jewish persuasion, the taking of a second wife was considered the highest tribute of respect that could be paid to the memory of the first. The truth is—and I cannot conceive how any reflecting mind can fail to perceive it—that when one has been bereaved of the cherished idol of his heart, a void has been

created there which he feels *must* be filled; and when he finds the object of his search, the full tide of his pent-up affections is lavished upon her; and having realized the greatness of his deprivation, and the dreariness of a solitary life, it is not unusual that the succeeding wife is regarded with a still greater intensity of devotion than the former.' - - - The following lines, sent us by an esteemed friend ('F. F.' and 'O. O. O. F. M.' also) as 'exceedingly beautiful,' have been attributed to various authors. They were copied by him from an album, where they bore the initials 'G. W. C.' This indicates the name of an early friend of the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, for whom he wrote many kindred tributes for his lady-friends. That the following is from the same pen, we have the most satisfactory proof:

'Go where the water glideth gently ever,
Glideth through meadows that the greenest be;
Go, listen to your own beloved river,
And think of me!

'Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;
List to the dim brook pining as it playeth,
And think of me!

'And when the sky is silver-pale at even,
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,
Go out beneath the solitary heaven,
And think of me!

'And when the moon riseth, as she were dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea,
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,
And think of me!'

WE observed recently, in running over the columns of a Pennsylvania journal, that the petition of a Mr. THOMAS WALTER BOOTS for a change of name had been granted. At a former term of the court, the judge refused the application, on the ground that a man's '*boots*' were 'rights and lefts,' and could not be changed! - - - It is universally conceded now, we believe, that *Daguerreotyping in America* is now superior to that of any country in the world. Our operators have taken prizes and medals over all competitors 'in the markets of the world.' We have spoken heretofore of BRADY's great skill, and the extent and perfection of his establishment and portraits, which are remarkable. GURNEY stands preëminent also. His rooms are large, airy, and convenient; and his daguerreotypes are 'perfect gems.' He has among his vast collection *one* that we never saw surpassed. LAWRENCE, likewise, whose new and immense house is among the note-worthy attractions of the town, is 'winning golden opinions from all sorts of people.' These are signs of 'the times.' - - - The advertisement of MESSRS. BININGER AND COZZENS may be found upon the cover of our present number. This long-established and honorable house make good all their promises to the public, a fact which 'fully accounts' for their extended and extending popularity as dealers. Their present stocks of wines and liquors, of the choicest vintages, are very large. - - - WE regret to hear of the recent death

of Mr. THOMAS WALKER, the correspondent who furnished the graphic sketch, '*Our Club at the Adriatic*,' in a recent number of the KNICKER-BOCKER. He died from a chronic disorder, which baffled the skill of his physicians, at an age of scarcely forty years. He was a gentleman of fine perceptive powers, great modesty of demeanor, genial disposition, and unblemished personal habits and demeanor. He was much beloved by those who had the pleasure to know him well, among whom we have now to regret (when it is unfortunately too late) that we could not have been included. 'Peace to his ashes!' - - - '*The Printers' Free Library*,' at Number 3, Chambers-street, near Chatham, is a most valuable and well-supplied establishment, and is accomplishing much good. We shall advert more particularly to its advantages hereafter. - - - THE writer of '*An Anacreontic*,' it appears to us, might have spared the 'd—ns' which disfigure his lines. There is no wit and great bad taste in their employment. We regret that they should have escaped us. - - - *Geonics: State of the crops at 'Old Knick.' Place:* Corn, (Iowa, white,) well up, and flourishing: Lettuce, tender and abundant: Beans, (Lima, best kind,) ready to 'pole': Peas, (large Marrowfat,) bushed, and preparing to 'fre-üt': Beets, (red and white,) sickly; in fact, did n't come up at all; patent-office seeds too: Tomatoes, (red and yellow,) coming on finely, promising good store: water, musk, and other 'Millions,' 'first-rate:' Cucumbers, rank as gourds: Early Cherries, gone; commoner kind, abundant and ripening: Plums, good many of 'em, but dreadfully stung by flies: Apples, pretty good, and plenty of 'em: Potatoes, 'nary one'—did n't plant any; a great over-sight, for a mealy potato is a good institution: Currants, 'lots' and very fine—good for next winter's jelly; Rasp, Straw, Black, and other Berries, abundant in quantity and good in quality. WEATHER, hot enough to melt off the head of BROWN's dignified and noble statue of DEWITT CLINTON, (all except the feet, which are as large, within two or three inches, as old GRANT THORBURN's,) if it stood on our lawn at this moment. Thermometer three hundred and forty-eight ('in the shade.') Pheugh! This slip of 'gossip'-paper is wet with the beaded drops that roll from the hand that indites this report. - - - WE wish to introduce a subject new to these pages. We mean *Shirts*. Pardon the expression—but SHIRTS! And Mr. GREEN, Astor House, corner of Vesey-street, sells such as are *be-fitting*—a very great luxury. Moreover, his store of under-garments, collars, gloves, half-hose, handkerchiefs, etc., etc.—ah! they are fine, very fine, and in the greatest variety. Try him. - - - THE '*Reveries of a Bachelor*' are over, and the '*Reveries of a Married Man*' are begun! Our esteemed friend and correspondent, 'IK MARVEL,' has been joined in holy wedlock to a fair and accomplished daughter of the 'Sunny South,' and before these lines shall reach our distant readers, he will be on his voyage to the blue Adriatic, with his bride, to take up his residence in the 'city of the Dóges,' having been appointed American consul to that world-renowned capital. He will doubtless encounter 'WASH. FUDGE' in Paris, and report, not only from what that interesting young gentleman *writes*, but what he himself *sees* in his European career. 'Take with ye gentle winds your sails to swell!' is *our* aspiration for the voyagers; and when next they touch our

shores, 'may we be there to see!' - - - If the reader has not yet procured a copy of *'The Attorney,'* he is requested to notice the advertisement, with the opinions of the press, on the second page of the cover. The *Third Edition* is already 'rushing off.' - - - 'WELL,' as Mr. MERRYMAN says in the ring, 'here we are again!' at the beginning of *Volume Forty-Two of the Knickerbocker.* How do you like our new and slightly-enlarged types? How does the increase of pages in this department strike you? Never before had we such a fervent wish to reciprocate the constantly-increasing favor of the public, and never, since the establishment of this oldest American Magazine, have we had such abundant literary means to do it. You know us: *wait and see!*

Literary Record.

'EPHEMERA' is the modest title of a little volume, from the prolific press of our friends MESSRS. TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS, of Boston, which, small as it is, contains a great deal of genuine verse, of which, moreover, there is a goodly variety. We trust that we violate no confidence in mentioning the fact, that there is a dual authorship in this little tome; the gentlemen who stand sponsors for its contents being Mr. GEORGE EDWARD RICE, and Mr. J. HOWARD WAINWRIGHT, the latter an occasional and always an acceptable correspondent of this Magazine, one or two poems from which appear in the present collection. Of these last, given so recently in these pages, it is of course quite unnecessary here to speak. There are sound sense, keen satire, and a good deal of quiet humor embodied in the beautifully-printed volume which we are holding open, and re-reading runningly as we write. Deferred matériel from our last 'issuo,' demanding insertion in the present, and copious stores beside, prevent the publication of several extracts, which we had perused admiringly and marked hopefully. - - - MESSRS. PUTNAM AND COMPANY have recently issued, in a well-printed volume, *'Legends of the West,'* by Hon. JAMES HALL, revised by himself, previous to his death. These legends are various in kind, and, without exception, written with great spirit and felicity of style. Judge HALL was an occasional contributor to the earlier numbers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and his contributions were always received with great favor by the public. The tales in the present collection convey accurate descriptions of the scenery and population of the western country, and are founded upon incidents witnessed by the author during a long residence therein, and upon traditions preserved by the people. A truly American spirit pervades them, which we trust will not lessen their claim upon the respect and 'patronage' of the patriotic author's countrymen. - - - *'Fern-Leaves from Fanny's Port-Folio,'* from the press of MESSRS. DERBY AND MILLER, Auburn; DERBY, ORTON, AND MULLIGAN, Buffalo; and HENRY W. DERBY, Cincinnati, has been some four weeks before the public, and has already met with a large sale. Nor is this fact at all surprising. FANNY FERN had written at various times, for sundry journals, brief, sententious, 'telling' sketches, always embodying a wholesome moral or pungent satire, and not unfrequently some touch of tender pathos, which made her *nom-de-plume* a welcome feature in the journals of the day. She had therefore no especial reputation to make; for her style, simple and direct, had made her well known to the newspaper press throughout the whole country. Quotation would be adscititious; for what she has written has already been quoted and read to such an extent that farther publication would scarcely be farther publicity. We are glad to see that the occasional coarseness which we had sometimes remarked in her 'fugitives from justice' in the newspapers is omitted from the contents of the collected volume. The book is very handsomely illustrated, from original designs by Mr. FREDERICK M. COFFIN, and the typographical execution reflects credit upon the publishers. - - - Our old friend Mr. VALENTINE

has published his annual edition, with the annually-'accruing' additions, of the '*Manual of the Corporation*,' a work so well known for its compression of valuable facts connected with the history, ancient and modern, and gradual and constant progress of the Great Metropolis, that it requires little praise at our hands; for we have so often rendered it, that while it is in the hands of the present editor, we could but repeat our yearly encomiums. It has always commanded, and always deserved, a wide sale. - - - Mr. J. S. REDFIELD, Nassau-street, is now publishing in weekly numbers, at twenty-five cents each, to be completed in sixteen parts, an American copy-right edition of *J. Payne Collier's Restored Edition of Shakspeare*, re-printed from the newly-discovered copy of the folio of 1632, concerning which so much excitement has prevailed in England. The English edition contains simply the text, without a single note or indication of the changes made in the text. In the present, the variations from old copies are noted by reference of all changes to former editions, and every indication and explanation is given essential to a clear understanding of the author. There are several thousand of these annotations. The prefatory matter, Life, etc., will be fuller than in any American edition now published. An authentic portrait, a vignette-title on steel, and a fac-simile of the old folio, with the manuscript corrections (of which there were nearly twenty thousand!) will accompany the completed work. - - - As a general thing, we cannot say that we very greatly affect travesties or parodies; but, really, one of the cleverest of the former description that we have recently encountered, is '*Hamlet in a New Garb*,' in three Acts, by GEORGE EDWARD RICE, Esq., three editions of which have already passed through the press of MESSRS. TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS, Boston. The first scene of the '*Old Play in New Garb*' opens as follows:

EL SINORE.—A PLATFORM BEFORE THE CASTLE.

FRANCISCO on his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. *Qui vive?*

Fran. *Qui vive*, yourself! Come, answer me:

Is it my friend BERNARDO?

Ber.

It is he.

Fran. You're very punctual, I must allow.

Ber. How passed the time? has there been any row?

Fran. No, nothing stirred, not even a tiny mouse.

Ber. 'Tis twelve o'clock, so get you to your house;

And should you meet, perchance, upon your way,

HORATIO and MARCELLUS, please to say

They're in my watch, so bid them hasten here:

'Tis very cold, and I feel very queer.'

The second appearance of the GHOST is somewhat different from the original; but the manner in which a multitude of various questions are showered upon the Shade is quite in keeping with the immortal prototype:

RE-ENTER GHOST.

'But look! my eyes! it's coming here again;
There's something to be done, that's very plain.
Oh, speak to me, you singular illusion:
I'll understand in spite of my confusion.
If to your royal highness it is known
If LOUIS NAP. shall have the Bourbon throne—
If Sir JOHN FRANKLIN yet is safe and sound—
If the transmuting-stone will e'er be found
For which philosophers so long have sought;
If the sea-serpent ever will be caught—
If Blank Blank is the saint he would be thought—
If all is true that GORDON CUMMING said,
Or how the spiritual raps are made;
Or who struck WILLIAM PATTERSON, Esquire;
Or if saltpetre will explode in fire;
And you've come here to tell us, please to state;
There's not the slightest hurry, I can wait.
If you're aware of treasure stowed away,
I'm just the man for it. Dear ghostship, say!
But then perhaps you've come with the intention
Of giving us your views on Intervention.'

[Cock crows.